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The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts



JULY
1942

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"I am an American"

■ I am an American. I say those words with gratitude, faith and pride. Gratitude to the generations of hard-working and God-fearing men and women who came to this New World to make a home for freedom. Faith that the democracy they built will never die. Pride that my chance has come to show that I can defend their labor worthily.

■ I am an American. A little of every race and every nation went into the melting-pot that poured me. Europe is there, and a fragment of Africa, and some of Asia. I am all races and all tongues, all colors, and all creeds. But I am an American because I have dreamed the dream of the founders of this democracy, and because I have a share in every act of faith that made their dream come true. Lincoln at Gettysburg spoke for me. Valley Forge was my Winter, too. I knew Tom Paine and the Raleigh Tavern and the village green at Lexington. Old Hickory talked my language. Ethan Allen thundered in my name. Jefferson, writing his statute for religious liberty, wanted me to have a chance to worship God in my own way. The Pilgrim Fathers gave me a stubborn

hope. Appomattox taught me charity. Boone showed me the Western trails.

■ The pioneers who climbed the hills and crossed the great valleys found a country broad enough for men of every race to live in self-respect and friendship with their neighbors. It is not a race or creed or color that makes an American. It is a decent regard for the rights of man and a healthy love of freedom.

■ I am an American. My home is a continent between two seas. On this continent I have helped to build the only way of life which I believe to be worth living. It is a friendly way of life, with room for the opinions of the man across the street. It is an honorable way of life, asking no compromise with convictions. It is an eager way of life, forever pressing on to new experiments, new trials, new errors, another start and fresh achievement. It is a successful way of life, with the highest standard of material well-being and the broadest basis of popular education that the world has ever known. It is an alert way of life, on guard day and night against impairment of the rights that a free people cherish; the right to think for themselves and to vote as they please, to choose their own church, to read a free press, to name their own leaders in a free election; the right to discuss, to disagree, to try new roads, to make mistakes and to correct them; the right

to be secure against the exercise of arbitrary power; the right to live their lives in their own way.

■ I am an American. I shall fight to defend my democracy against any combination of enemies that can be brought against it. I shall fight. And I shall win. For the reserves of moral strength as well as physical power are on my side. What is the meaning of the story of my country, if it does not teach me courage in a time of trial? What is the lesson of Valley Forge, if it does not rule out the word surrender? Lincoln and Jefferson stand with me in this fight. Washington still rides before my armies. Every truth I learned at my father's knee about the blessings of American freedom and independence has prepared me for this day and hour. Every humane and understanding act of statesmanship that made my people a united nation now arms me for this test of strength. Every hour of hard work and every spark of pioneering genius that turned a sprawling wilderness into a miracle of industrial power stands me in good stead. Every faith I hold and every liberty I cherish calls me into action to defend my own.

■ Into this battle I go willingly, with gratitude to the men and women who gave me what I have, with faith in what they built, with pride in my own purpose.

■ I am an American.



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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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THE AMERICAN GIRL


THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JULY • 1942

The restoration of this historic old town—by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—is convincing and beautiful testimony to the fact "that the future may learn from the past"

 AMONG the tales of Geoffrey Chaucer there is the beguiling story of an old and ugly woman who became young and lovely once again—and married the knight, too—because she knew the answer to the puzzling question, "What do women most desire?" Here in America there is a somewhat similar story of a proud and beautiful town that grew old and shabby—but because the brave men who lived there long ago knew the answer to the question, "What do men most desire?" the neglected old town, like the old woman in Chaucer's *The Wife of Bath Tale*, has become again young and beautiful.

This town is Williamsburg, Virginia, one of the oldest settlements in America and, for almost a hundred years, the seat of government for the Virginia Colony. In its heyday Williamsburg was the center of culture and influence among the Colonies, but it was virtually deserted when the capital was moved to Richmond in 1779 and, after another hundred years and more had rolled over the once luxurious little metropolis, it was almost forgotten. Then, fifteen years ago, a rich and powerful magician appeared and touched it with his wand—and, presto, there was the young and beautiful Williamsburg again, looking just as it had in the long-ago days when it was "the heart and center of the country."

The restoration of Williamsburg



By

ANNE FARRELL

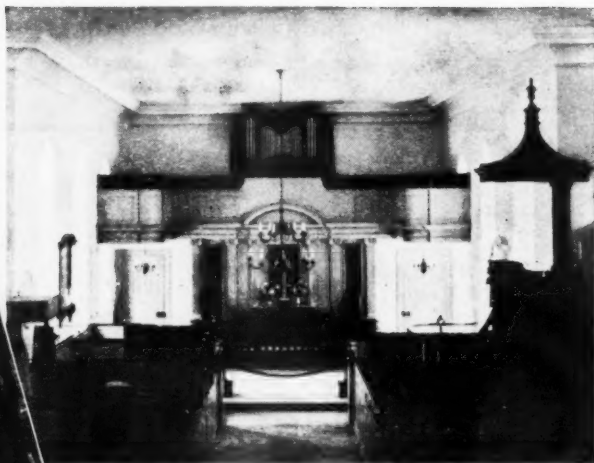
Photographs by the author



UPPER RIGHT: THE CAPITOL AT WILLIAMSBURG WAS REBUILT DURING 1930 AND '34. HERE THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES MET UNTIL THE STATE CAPITAL WAS MOVED TO RICHMOND IN 1780. ABOVE: A HOSTESS

was begun in 1927, and is still going on. Many of the ancient buildings still stood, and seventy-two of these were restored to their original uses; one hundred and seventy-six buildings were reconstructed upon carefully excavated Colonial foundations. Many were refurnished with authentic pieces and opened as exhibition buildings; gardens were landscaped in the old manner. Five hundred and eighty-six modern structures were demolished.

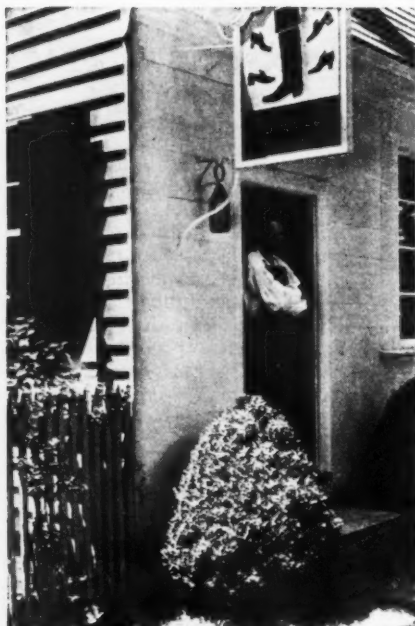
But the mere restoration of Williamsburg in appearance was not enough to satisfy Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the magician who had wrought the transformation, or his associates. Their plan was an even more ambitious one. They wanted to bring back the life of the lovely old town, the life it had enjoyed in Colonial times. So the restored homes are privately tenanted; the ancient shops are re-opened and staffed with craftsmen wearing authentic cos-



AT LEFT: THE BRUTON PARISH CHURCH SERENE BENEATH SPREADING ELMS. ABOVE: INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH WHERE MANY FAMOUS PATRIOTS WORSHIPPED

tume, who busied themselves with the tasks originally performed there. Exhibition buildings, too, are maintained by attendants in Colonial dress. Small entrance fees are charged and these are used toward the upkeep of the restoration.

Today the shady streets of Williamsburg are thronged with people—tourists who come by the thousands to find inspiration in the revived life of a historic city. Here are the same formal boxwood gardens and stately buildings that distinguished Williamsburg in the days of its glory; here is the church, the college, the gaol, the handsome residences, the small craft shops, and cottages. Even the business section has been designed in harmony with the old buildings so there is no jarring note. On the public lawns cows graze and geese go waddling about. Coaches with liveried attendants drive through the streets. A visitor to the old town is filled with wonder at the skill of the restoration, as well as its magnitude. To me, on my first visit, Williamsburg seemed like a beautiful set for a historical play. The play is over now and the actors have gone away, but spectators are free to wander about the set as they will, to look at the properties, to talk to the stage hands, and to learn who the actors were and what the play was about.



THE BOOT AND SHOEMAKER'S SHOP WITH ITS PROPRIETOR AT THE DOOR. AT RIGHT: MARJORIE HELPS HER FATHER WITH COWS ON THE GREEN





THE RALEIGH TAVERN RANKED NEXT TO THE CAPITOL AS A SCENE OF REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITY

On the main street of the old town, called Duke of Gloucester Street, is the Bruton Parish church, serene and welcoming with its mellow red brick walls and ivy-covered steeple. Its peaceful churchyard under towering elms is surrounded by a brick wall with an open gate; inside are mossy graves with flat stones.

There is an air of simple elegance and dignity about the interior of the church, with its white walls, balcony, box pews, red cushions, brass fittings, and pulpit of walnut. The names on the pews bear witness to the part Bruton Parish church played in the lives of great men of America's past. Here men who fought for liberty came for Sabbath worship. On two single pews are the names of James Monroe and John Tyler; near by, on double pews, those of Thomas Jefferson and George Washington. The names of John Marshall, John Prentiss, Governor Spotswood, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, John Custis, Sir John Randolph, and Patrick Henry mark other pews. On one wall is a tablet to the *Members of the Committee which in 1777 drafted the "Act Establishing Religious Freedom" in Virginia—Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Pendleton, George Wythe, George Mason, and Thomas Ludwell Lee.*

(Continued on page 30)



VIEW OF THE RECONSTRUCTED "GOVERNOR'S PALACE" WITH ITS BALLROOM WING



ABOVE: CARRIAGE HOUSE AND STABLE. LEFT: THE COACH AND FOUR WHICH DELIVERS HOSTESSES TO HOUSES ON EXHIBITION, AND CALLS FOR THEM AGAIN



RIDING



SATURDAY," Debby thought as she woke up. "Riding day." It was early yet. The light was pale and gray, hardly enough to show the furniture clearly. The mirror looked like the faint outline of another window. Debby curled into a ball and buried her dark head in the pillow. But she couldn't get to sleep.

"I wonder what's happened since we last heard the news," she thought. "Oh, I do wish I could do something *really* to help in the war! I wish I could be a flier, and go around finding enemy submarines and cruisers. I'd be a wonderful shot and very cool and daring, until the commanders on the other side would say, 'Keep a lookout for that girl flier!'" Debby daydreamed for a while and then grinned to herself. "Anyway," she thought, "I'd like to do something real and exciting and worth while. I hate feeling so useless."

She opened her eyes and looked about the room again. Things were much clearer and she thought she heard someone moving. Up came her head, and now her dark eyes were lively and wide-awake. "Anyway, I'm going riding this morning if it's good weather."

She slipped out of bed and ran to one of the windows. The air blew in upon her, fresh and cool. Outside, the lawn was silver with hoarfrost and beyond the hedge she could see Hingham Harbor and the gulls flying across a pale, milky sky. But it was only the haze of early morning. There were no clouds. It would be a clear day, brighter and warmer every minute. "It's going to be beautiful," she thought.

If only she could be in the cavalry! But they didn't take girls and, anyway, there wasn't much of any cavalry left.

"Oh, well," she sighed, and ran into the bathroom to run the water for her bath.

In the beginning of the fall there had been six girls who rode together. They called themselves the Boots and Saddle

Club, and even had a password and a grip. But before long Mildred Darling dropped out because she was working so hard at her music that she didn't have the time to ride. Next Alison James left town and, of course, everyone knew that Edie Hampstead took up one fad after another, so it wasn't surprising when she began to make excuses for not going out with the others.

With Happy Green it was a matter of money. The Greens were hard hit by the war. Mr. Green owned a garage, and when he couldn't sell cars and couldn't sell tires a good deal of his business vanished like dew from the grass. The Greens were cheerful about it. Happy kept smiling, but she had her good times in ways that didn't cost money.

That left only Lou Wilson and Debby Ross to carry on the traditions of the Boots and Saddle Club, to wear the red horse-head pins which they had bought so proudly at the five-and-ten-cent store in September, and to murmur, "Hi-yo, Silver!" whenever they met outside a classroom. Lou was a faithful member of the club and a great admirer of horses, but she wasn't much of a rider. She was a



Illustrated by
MONTE CREWS

scatterbrained girl who never could concentrate on anything, and giggled incessantly. Debby, riding Buddy, trying to fit her rhythm to his stride, trying to feel his mouth at the end of a light, firm rein, trying to look ahead on the trail for anything which might startle a horse's simple and easily startled mind, sometimes felt that she would scream if she heard any more of Lou's chatter and clatter behind her.

So this bright morning Debby was not sorry when Lou telephoned to say that she couldn't ride after all because her whole family was going to have dinner with her aunt and uncle in Cambridge. "I didn't know we were going," she explained. "Mother says she told me *weeks* ago, but I never heard her if she did." Lou giggled as though that were a wonderful joke. "Have a good time, darling, and give Nancy my love."

Nancy was the old bay mare Lou usually rode.

"Have a good time, too," said Debby. But Lou had already rung off.

Mrs. Ross took the bus with Debby to Beechwood Corners

G LUCY LEE

by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

Debby wished she could do something to help win the war, but she had not thought of being able to apprehend a spy against her country when she set out on a horseback ride

and walked the half mile out to Cedar Corral along one of the old roads which ran through the woodlands beyond the town. They couldn't go the shortest way, for the Navy had taken several hundred acres of the land for an ammunition depot and the few small woodland farms and woodcutters' cabins upon them had been moved away or torn down; in their places now were barracks and separated storehouses for powder and shells. No outsider knew exactly where the storehouses stood, nor how much ammunition had been brought to them along roads shadowed by pines where no one could go at present without a pass.

Cedar Corral stood a little beyond the requisitioned land. Some of the trails which the horses had used were closed by barbed-wire fences and Government notices, but some lay outside the area and were unchanged, as they had been before

THE FRIGHTENED MARE BROKE INTO A RUN, HEADING FOR THE NEAREST THICKET AS DEBBY TRIED TO PROTECT HER FACE WITH UPFLUNG ARM



the war came or the rumor of war—old roads once used by the woodcutters and their teams, or paths kept open by occasional hunters. One scarcely knows who keeps the wood paths open, yet wherever there are woods one comes upon the paths veining the land with their narrow branchings. Someone must use them, but who knows who?

The Corral stood on a little hill above the road and an old ice pond. There was a log cabin with red curtains at its low windows, and very close to it a log shed where the horses lived. As the Rosses came up, a pair of big white ducks appeared from behind the cabin and waddled importantly toward them; a dog barked from somewhere; there was a whistling from inside the barn and two yearling colts, one a buckskin and the other a pale pinto, came racing one another across the dry meadow, with their little manes and tails whip-

ping back from the pretty awkwardness of their galloping.

Mrs. Ross looked about her, smiling. "I always love to come here, even if I don't ride," she said. "Here are those blessed cats!"

Two or three cats were now walking up to rub against their ankles. There were twelve cats in all, from the big yellow Angora called Stranger, because he had arrived from nowhere, down to the smallest, lucky, three-colored kitten known as Tiddledywinks. Their voices brought a figure to the door of the barn. It was Mrs. Hancock who ran the Corral, waving a currycomb cheerfully. Several more cats followed her out.

"I'll bring Buddy right away," she remarked. "He's gone down to the pond for his drink and he is all ready." She turned back into the darkness of the shed and reappeared a

moment later with a black-and-white pinto. Two big Western saddles of embossed leather were waiting on the rail.

"I wish you'd come some day at feeding time, Mrs. Ross," Mrs. Hancock went on, as she fitted the saddle cloth. "There's a deer comes right up now to be fed with the horses. I can get within a yard of her."

"That must be a beautiful sight," Mrs. Ross said. "I didn't realize the country was so wild."

Mrs. Hancock threw the saddle expertly into place. "We get all kinds of things here," she explained as she drew the cinch tight. "Nearly lost the drake last night. We heard an awful quacking from the pool back of the cabin and he flew straight over the roof. My husband and I went down to the pond with a flashlight, and there in the middle of the water, deep in the mud, was a fox."

She turned to pick up the big drake, which settled down into her arms.

"See," she said, "right across his back the feathers have all been pulled out. I'll have to keep the ducks shut up at night after this."

Mr. Hancock came out of the cabin, and as he opened the door, a squawk sounded from inside.

"There's Polly!" cried Debby. "Polly want a cracker?" But Polly wouldn't answer. Only the old chow barked from his place beside the stove. Only three or four more bland cat faces appeared at the window sills to look out at her.

It was Mr. Hancock who saddled the little palomino mare, Lucy Lee, while Mrs. Hancock went indoors to change her working clothes for her scarlet Spanish trousers, coat, and flat Spanish hat. Lucy Lee was Arab and seemed to understand everything that was said to her. She would kneel when Mr. Hancock told her to, or lie down, dance, or rear. To Debby she was the most beautiful horse in the world. No bit had

ever been put into her tender mouth, no word had ever been said to frighten her. She was ridden only with a halter to guide her.

Mrs. Ross watched Lucy Lee being saddled. "She's like the first horse in Eden," she said in a low voice to Debby. "I don't suppose anyone but the Hancocks ever ride her."

"Oh, no," Debby said quickly. "No one else is good enough for Lucy Lee."

It was a charming sight to see the two riders start off down a wood path between the bare trees, Debby ahead on Buddy, going at a dogtrot, while Mrs. Hancock followed on Lucy Lee. The mare kept well up to the other horse with her delicate, swinging walk.

"How well Debby is riding!" her mother thought. But aloud she said to Mr. Hancock, "I'll go for a walk and be back in about an hour."

Mr. Hancock nodded. As Mrs. Ross strolled away down the road he was bringing out Red Cloud. He gave the big sorrel a slap on the flank, and off he went by himself down the rutted drive, passing Mrs. Ross, and turning down the public road toward the ice pond for his morning drink. All the animals at Cedar Corral seemed to know what was expected of them, and behaved like a sensible family.

Meanwhile, Debby rode on. She forgot all the sadness in the world. The morning was pure joy. The light slanted through the trees, glowing on the red oak leaves of a thicket, shining along the pine needles till they seemed edged with glass, making transparent the pale, spidery yellow of witch-hazel blossoms which flower so strangely in the fall. Buddy's hoofs rang on the stones and the hard ground; the saddle leather squeaked a little. Debby had never felt herself quite so much a part of her horse as she did today. Walking, trotting, cantering, she rode as easily as a boat on the waves, or a bird on the wind.

Suddenly the iron of one horseshoe seemed to stutter in the tune it was playing, and Buddy drew up of his own accord. All Debby's happiness vanished.

"He's lost a shoe," she said, as Mrs. Hancock came up beside her.

"Bother!" Mrs. Hancock exclaimed. "I hoped those shoes would go a little longer. And we're just at the beginning of our ride."

She looked at Debby's face from which all the light had faded, then down at Lucy Lee's pale, honey-colored mane. "There's no need for you to come in yet," she said. "I'll ride Buddy back and you can take Lucy Lee as far as the oak in the farther meadow, halfway up Lookout Hill. You know the place we always turn when we use this trail."

To ride Lucy Lee! Never in her most secret dreams had Debby aspired to such an honor. For Mrs. Hancock to allow her to ride Lucy Lee was a serious matter, she knew—a compliment and a sign of trust carefully, though quickly, weighed.

Three minutes later Debby was riding on alone. She had thought Buddy had a wonderful gait, but Lucy Lee was like a creature of another world. The palomino moved so lightly and springingly that Debby didn't have to think of her riding at all. At a touch of the halter strap she turned, at the

(Continued on page 46)

SHE SAW SOMETHING THAT LOOKED LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN A RADIO AND TELEPHONE WITH AN ANTENNA ABOVE



MRS. MALLARD AND MRS. COOT



HAVE THEIR PICTURES TAKEN

By

H. H. SHELDON

Photographs by the Author

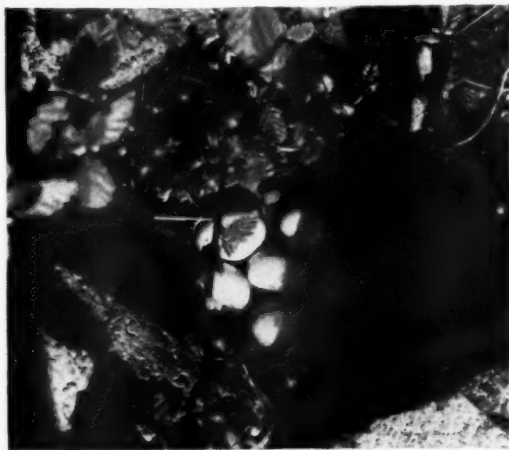


WHEN we found, in Bend, Oregon, a home with a backyard dipping into the Deschutes River; when we saw a muskrat swimming in the still, twilight water; a mallard nesting under the alders; and redwings whose reedy notes mingled with the scolding of coots—we felt there was more truth than rhetoric in the words of a city official who modestly claimed it a privilege to live in Bend.

The Deschutes River, at our home site, has come over the falls and broadens placidly into shallow pools among the lava boulders. Numerous islets, rank with swamp grass and willows, offer ideal nesting places for varied species of water birds.

Our first major bird event took off with the "all-out" quack of Mrs. Mallard on a hatching nest. For days I had been sneaking up on the expectant mother, cultivating her acquaintance with a view to a close-up of a mallard with freshly hatched ducklets, in their initial dip. I had already photographed the mother on her nest, and this was not so simple as it may sound.

A bird on the nest rarely offers drama to the exacting eye of the camera. In this instance, the duck sat her nest with a bird's-eye view of the river and a lava Gibraltar at her back. In this position, as she was aware, she was completely camouflaged, her head half hidden between the rocks, and her body blending so well into the rough lava that not even a three-foot shot would show which was which. If she could only be induced to swap ends, her head would come into the light,



LOOKING DOWN UPON THE NEST AND EGGS OF MRS. MALLARD, WHO IS SEEN BROODING UPON THEM IN THE PORTRAIT ABOVE, LEFT. MRS. COOT PREFERRED A NEST OF REEDS, RIGHT

while her body would follow the triangle of lava blocks and the upshooting alders. But how was one to accomplish this without running the risk of frightening her permanently from the nest?

On a morning when hunger had forced her from her eggs, the idea occurred to me that if I could attract her with something unfamiliar at the back wall, she might sit down without reversing for a river view. I set up the camera and cut a long branch from an alder. Then, at the moment the mallard entered the nest, I tapped the wall with the stick. Startled, she craned her neck and uttered a quack. As nothing alarming happened, she ventured to prepare for an about-face squat. I tapped again. This straightened her up for a full paragraph of quacks, frightening her back a few steps. I was afraid it was the end of the act. But brooding birds are courageous and, with a few protesting quacks, she waddled once more to the nest and once more we played the game of tap and

quack. She was habit-bound to facing the river, but the tapping confused her. Eventually she settled down into a pose that won for her honorable mention in a salon of nature photography.

While this portrait was a triumph, I was on pin-points for the hatching. I was not too hopeful of catching this event in my lens, as a duck is apt to lead her ducklings to their first bath very early in the morning before the sun is camera high. I was even more concerned when I heard her "all-out" quack

Photography and bird study combine to make a fascinating and rewarding hobby





MRS. MALLARD WARILY APPROACHES HER NEST CONCEALED AMONG BLOCKS OF LAVA

on a raw, dark, windy morning when ominous clouds were shadow boxing old Sol in a way to wring a photographer's heart. With the sun popping under a cloud every few minutes, a picture was a gamble. But the ducklings couldn't wait for pictures.

When I arrived, panting, on the scene, an egg shell at the nest edge, and the fuzzy head of a youngster peeking out from the mother's rear announced the great event. I expanded with relief. Nature was playing right into my hands. Had it been a warm, sunny day, I should have had only egg shells as a memento of this birthday party. Today a cold wind, whistling down-river, pressed the old duck over her brood. The sun was under a cloud. In time it would emerge to provide a brief flood. I got all set for that bright moment and, when it came, walked right in on the brooding mother. As I had expected, she waddled from the nest in a huff, quacking a come-on call to her downy brood. I pressed the shutter. It stopped the quack in her bill and caught her seven ducklings in her wake. One infertile egg recorded her fidelity.

The clouds were moving in rapidly to obscure the sun, but the mallard wasn't wasting time. A shot three seconds later caught the little family as they hit the swirling river; and the final exposure was a worthy climax, catching the doughty mother sailing away downstream, quacking encouragement, her rudder hard aport and all seven ducklings in a wedge alee. A few minutes later they climbed out on a log near shore to preen and scratch themselves with all the vigor and nonchalance of week-old chicks.

According Mrs. Mallard full credit as a trouper, I picked up my camera, quite content to call it a day. But Father Greenhead, who had been a regular visitor to our bait of rolled oats, now took charge, escorting his family through the maze of reeds to the seclusion of our pond and pantry where more pictures followed. And not only more pictures, but additional bird lore.

If you have had the slightest acquaintance with a marsh-land, salt or fresh, a river, a lake, a pond, or a bayou, you can

DOWNY DUCKLINGS LOOK REGRETFULLY BACK AT THEIR NEST AND THE ONE EGG THAT DID NOT HATCH, AS MRS. MALLARD URGES THEM TO FOLLOW HER INTO THE WATER



MOTHER MALLARD AND HER BROOD AS THEY HIT THE SWIRLING WATER OF THE RIVER

scarcely have avoided meeting that incomparable water fowl, the coot (*Fulica Americana*), the sooty-one, unfortunately dubbed "mud hen." That this immaculate little water bird should be disparaged with such an ill-fitting name is regrettable. Actually, the coot is a trimly tailored, handsome, and noisy little scamp whose characteristic clacking adds charm to wilderness lake, or meadow marsh. While I have known *Fulica* for decades, in all seasons of the year, it was not until this spring that an opportunity was given me to hobnob daily with a pair of coots that nested, virtually, in our back yard.

My introduction to this pair had all the earmarks of a tragedy. Just above the dam I caught sight of two pairs of coots, fighting like game roosters except that they were in the river, using their wings and beaks and feet to rush each other and to whack vindictively with all three weapons.

I had been aware that a pair of coots was nesting here, above the dam; and I surmised that another pair had entered the restricted nesting zone, thereby bringing on a battle. The moment I stopped to watch this combat, I was alarmed for the fighters. The river flows toward the dam with deceptive

speed, and the coots were drifting relentlessly toward a twenty-foot cataract. Apparently they were too completely absorbed in the fight to sense the danger. One moment they fought on the brink. The next, all four disappeared into the cauldron of spray to the boulders and the churning river below. It did not seem possible that birds so small could survive such a catastrophe. But, having an admiration for the durability of the coot, I watched.

Several minutes passed before a black head broke water some distance from the falls. In an apparent daze, this survivor swam slowly across toward our grassy islets. Presently its mate popped up and, with much coot prattle and solicitude, the pair took refuge in the rushes and quiet water back of our house. We learned later that the female had injured her right leg. She still drags it behind her as she swims. The other pair eventually returned to their nest site above the falls and got on with the business of bringing off their brood.

We were at first greatly pleased with our new visitors, and began to coax them in with food. We were even pleased when we discovered they were building a nest in the sword grass at the edge of a small island. They were very open about dragging the long, dry shells of cattail stalks across the pond; but they approached the nest site secretively from the off side, and the only way we could be sure of its location was by watching the movement of the grass as they added material and shaped the nest. When the female ceased to appear, we knew she had begun to brood, and we looked forward with pleasure to having baby coots close enough to study. Then came real tragedy.

On a bright morning Mrs. Mallard, the second, came forth with a brood of twelve youngsters, which we began to lure to our side of the pool with rolled oats and bread. This was the signal for Old Man Coot to lay claim to his

domain. With customary coot cantankerousness, he set about the job of annihilating the mallard ducklings. We would hear pitiful wailings and rush down to the pond to find Mr. Coot in the very act of drowning an infant mallard, at the same time battling the outraged mother mallard. When we had found a dead duckling on two consecutive mornings, and a third on the way to die from a peck on the head, we decided to interfere with nature. Hoping to drive the coots to another pool, we scattered their nest and broke their eggs.

But we underestimated the tenacity of coots. They selected another nest site within a few feet of the old one and began to build again. Fortunately they were so preoccupied with building they ignored the mallard ducklings, who took advantage of the respite to grow strong and wary. By the time Old Cranky, as we christened Father Coot, had once more assumed the belligerence which is his masculine contribution to the process of incubation, the ducklings could get out of his way when he came in to feed.

From the first, the mallard mother, though previously tame, had been far more suspicious of us than were her ducklings. When we called, the ducklings would come swimming



AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A PEACEFUL FAMILY CONVOY—MOTHER MALLARD QUACKING ENCOURAGEMENT, ALL HER SEVEN DUCKLINGS IN A WEDGE ALEE



ABOVE: MR. COOT, BETTER KNOWN AS "OLD CRANKY," DIDN'T OBJECT TO BEING PHOTOGRAPHED HIMSELF, BUT HE PUT UP A FIGHT WHEN THE AUTHOR TRIED TO TAKE A PICTURE OF HIS MATE

in so fast they kicked up a bow wave, while their mother sat a few yards away in a fringe of sword grass, on guard, quacking an occasional warning. The hospitality of rolled oats and whole wheat bread (none of them liked white bread) eventually broke down her apprehensions, so that we only needed to appear on the bank to have the whole family come clamoring in for dinner. In fact, if we were late with dinner, the whole family would come trooping up the bank, ringing their own dinner bell with raucous quacks.

The half-grown brood of Mrs. Mallard the first were now orphans, as their mother had been lured away by her handsome (Continued on page 43)

"PENNNIES *in the* WATER"

BUT he's a public nuisance, Ginger!" Mike Wentworth looked up from the porch step where he was lounging, his face puckered with indignation. "Isn't Peter going to do *anything*?"

Ginger stopped the deft movement of her fingers over the pan of peas she was shelling for her brother Peter's supper. "Peter's done everything he can, legally," she said. "He even went to Judge Thompson to find out the law. Johnny Catfish

is well within his rights, because the sea below high-water-mark is public domain."

"Sure, I know. But there must be a law somewhere to prevent malicious damage to a man's property."

"Peter can't *prove* damage, Mike."

"Is that right? Any fisherman in town would be tickled to death to swear in court that Johnny's shad net, set in just that place, is bottling herring out of Pete's fish trap in the Bucket Cove."

"The judge says the law can't touch Johnny unless he sets his net across the mouth of the Cove," Ginger answered soberly. "And he never has, you know. He just sets it across the tide where it will head the herring schools away from the trap."

"That's all I wanted to know." Mike's good-humored mouth set in a firm line. "Do we take a poison trick like this lying down?"

"Pete and I have been over it and over it, Mike. We just can't think of anything to do. Yet," she amended.

Illustrated by DOROTHY BAYLEY



IT WAS ALL SHE COULD DO TO HANDLE THE HEAVY DORY IN THE RUNNING TIDE. MIKE COULDN'T HELP HER—HIS HANDS WERE TOO FULL, PAYING OUT THE SEINE

by RUTH MOORE

"How about going out there some dark night with a twine knife?" he growled.

"Sometimes I almost wish Pete would. But you know Peter." It was hard to keep the tremble out of her voice and she hoped Mike hadn't noticed it. She bent her head with its crisp mass of short auburn curls lower over the pan of peas.

Mike said nothing. He did know Peter. The shining integrity of Peter Tilden, the older boy next door, had been Mike's own ideal for almost as long as he could remember.

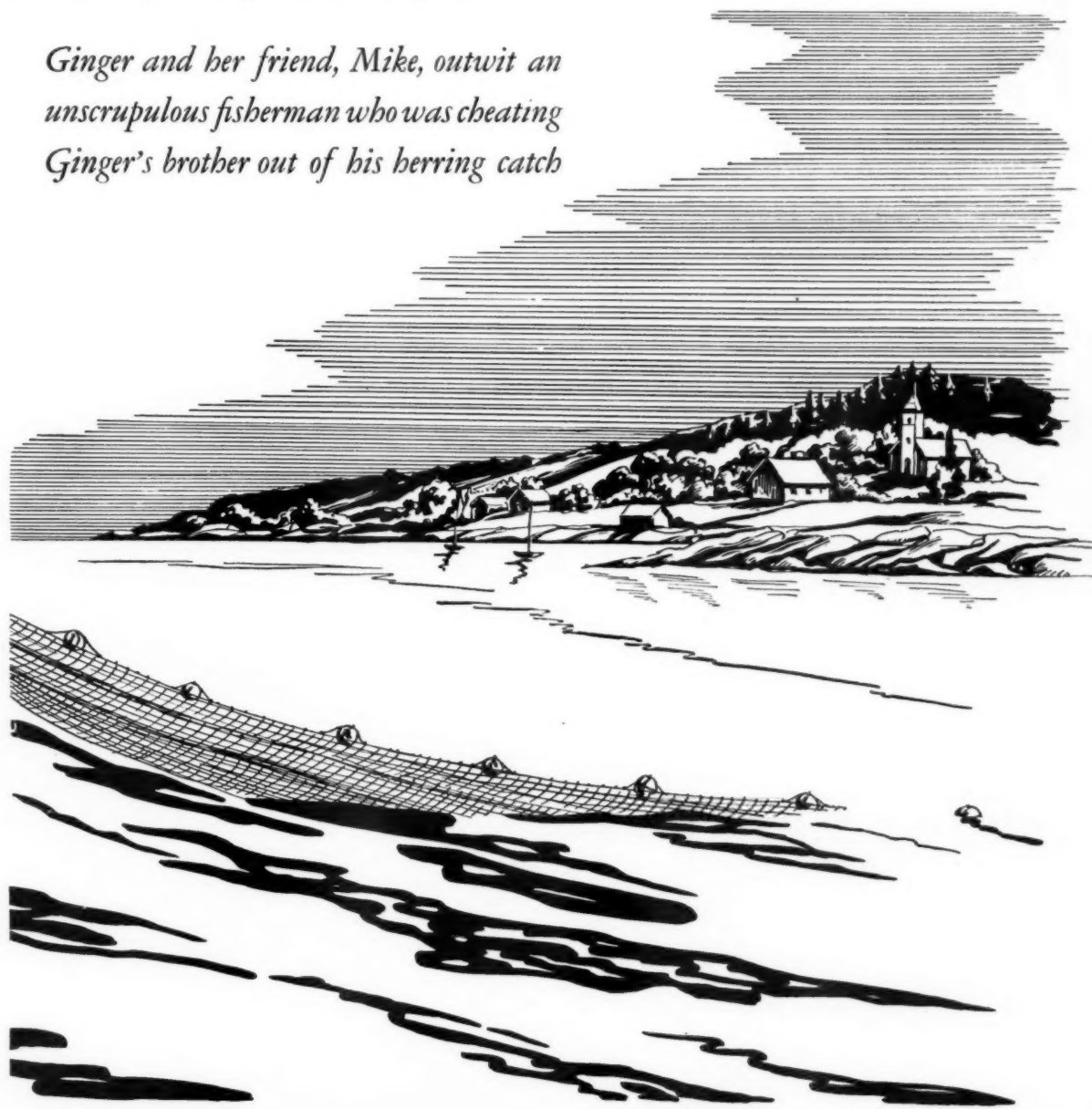
Peter's bright head flashing across the basketball court; Peter at his high school graduation, standing serious and

self-reliant to receive the Sarah Goodman Prize; Peter in the football jersey of his college, laughing up at Mike and Ginger who were yelling themselves hoarse for him in the grandstand—Mike couldn't look back at any time in his life without seeing some picture of Peter. And Ginger. Ginger was like Peter—six years younger, Mike's own age—but with the same bright head, the same sparkling sense of fun, the same quiet courage.

Courage, thought Mike. The Tildens had it and in the past two years they had needed all they had.

For there was one picture of Peter that Mike tried hard not to remember—Peter smiling gamely from a hospital bed, a few days after the tragic automobile accident which had taken the lives of his and Ginger's father and mother and had left him with a permanently stiffened leg. There could

*Ginger and her friend, Mike, outwit an
unscrupulous fisherman who was cheating
Ginger's brother out of his herring catch*



GINGER TOOK HIS HAND IN BOTH OF HER OWN BLISTERED ONES. "WHAT IN HECK—WHAT'S HAPPENED?" HE ASKED, WIDE-EYED WITH CONCERN



be no more basketball, no more football for Peter, and, it might be, no more college.

Mr. Tilden had supported his family almost entirely from the earnings of the big herring weir in the Bucket Cove. It had been a comfortable living, but not an ample one, though in his good seasons he had managed to put by the sums which would take Peter through college and medical school.

By the time Peter had learned to walk again on his hurt leg, and he and Ginger had straightened out their sadly tangled lives, they had had to face the fact that their money was almost gone.

Peter had rebuilt the herring weir that first spring. Through the summer and fall he had made expenses and had given Ginger her second year in high school. The next year had been better—he had saved a few hundred dollars. And this fall, with luck, he had hoped to go back and finish his doctor's education.

But, thought Mike savagely, looking away across the elm-shaded street to the blue harbor and the functional beauty of the fish trap, its stout deep-driven piles, its tarred nets dark against the sheltered water of the Bucket Cove, if somebody doesn't do something about Johnny Catfish, all that hard work will have gone for nothing.

"Peter won't even let me say it's my fault," Ginger said suddenly from the hammock.

"I should think he wouldn't!" Mike exclaimed. "How can you possibly be to blame? You only did what any decent human being would do."

"I started the row with Johnny Catfish."

"Oh, foosh!" Mike snapped his fingers at the neat little Boston terrier sleeping in the sun on the lawn. "Come here, Mrs. Cabot. Want to go home with me and be my dog? The lady wishes she had let you drown."

Mrs. Cabot merely opened one eye and flicked an ear at him.

"Just like a woman," Mike sighed. "Go to a lot of trouble to bring her a magnificent bone, and what does she do?"

Ginger laughed. "Women are *most* particular about their bones. Aren't they, Mrs. Cabot? I don't wish I had let you drown, but I ought to have named you Trouble."

At the sound of her name in the well loved voice, Mrs. Cabot came instantly to her feet. She regarded Ginger for a second, decided she was needed in the hammock, and launched herself, scattering green pea pods in all directions.

"Gosh! Wish I had a dog who liked me that way. Wonder if she remembers what you did for her?"

"She might." Ginger put her hand on Mrs. Cabot's smooth scruff and settled the little bundle of wire nerves and gameness into the cushions beside her.

Mrs. Cabot had come to her in an unexpected and tragic way. Last summer Ginger had been rowing Peter's skiff close inshore under the Weaver Bluff, a steep, thickly overgrown bank twenty feet or so high with deep water at its base

—bold" water, the fishermen called it.

She had been loafing along, day dreaming, watching the sun's glint that rippled down for a few feet into the still water and then gave way to a kind of green darkness, when suddenly the bushes parted on the bluff above her and somebody had thrown something down. Ginger had an instant's glimpse of a wriggling, terrified body, before the small black and white dog splashed out of sight into the water.

She remembered afterward going off the stern of the skiff in the long, clean dive Peter had taught her, swimming down, down, and groping. She couldn't have done it if the stone weighting the dog's neck hadn't been loosely tied, and she was almost winded when her head broke water and she put the limp, wet body on the sun-warmed thwart of the skiff. She found a little breath, but not much, to answer the angry shouts of Johnny Catfish, who had not known anyone was around to see him throw the dog into the water.

Why Johnny Catfish was so furious, no one could understand, since he obviously didn't want the dog. He had gone at once to Peter, demanding it be returned to him.

"I'm not going to let you have that pup to kill," Peter told him flatly, when he found Johnny Catfish would not listen to reason. "So far as you're concerned, the dog is dead, anyway. You lost all right to her when you threw her over the bluff."

"Dog belong me," stated Johnny, his brown petulant face creased with rage. "I ketchum, I killum."

"You have killed your dog," Peter said coolly. "If you touch my dog, I'll have the sheriff come to see you. You don't want the sheriff to come to your house again, Johnny."

Johnny obviously didn't. The sheriff had been several times to Johnny's house and had found there various objects of stolen property. In the few years since Johnny Catfish had come—from nobody knew just where—to live in the tumble-down shack on the Weaver Bluff, he had been in jail more than once. He strode away, muttering dire threats against Peter and against the dog.

(Continued on page 48)

Your Voice



AND YOU

I'M AFRAID *that* girl will never become a star," the casting director said, in answer to my question. "Those test shots are on their way to the wastebasket."

I shuffled through the large photographs again, studied them more closely. The face of a beautiful girl smiled up at me from a variety of poses.

"But she is so lovely!" I said in surprise. "A girl like that should have every motion picture studio in Hollywood at her feet. Doesn't she want to be a star?"

The casting director smiled. "There is nothing she wants more. It's too bad, but she's not likely to make the grade—unless she knuckles down to a lot of self-improvement."

"Why, she photographs better than some of your most popular movie stars," I protested. "What improvement could she need?"

"I'll let her speak for herself on that," he said. There was a twinkle in his eye as he rose from his desk. "Come on

A girl's speaking voice is often a clue to the kind of person she is. What does your voice tell about you?

By

HELEN GRIGSBY DOSS

down the hall with me." I followed him out into the corridor, around a bend, and into a small soundproof room. A recording set hulked against one wall, and a group of chairs stood about in the center of the room.

He motioned me to one of the chairs and took a large black disk out of the corner cupboard.

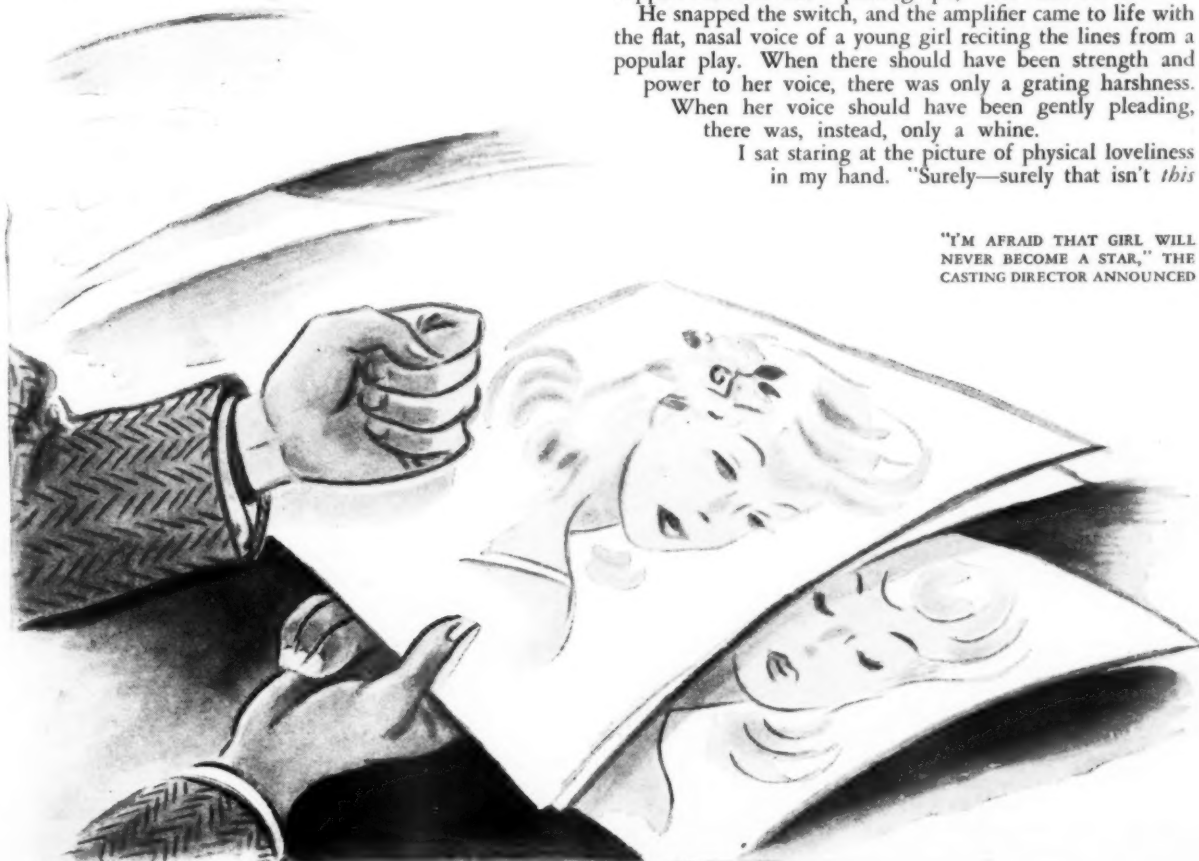
"I said I'd let her speak for herself," he grinned, as he slipped the disk into a phonograph, "and here she is."

He snapped the switch, and the amplifier came to life with the flat, nasal voice of a young girl reciting the lines from a popular play. When there should have been strength and power to her voice, there was only a grating harshness.

When her voice should have been gently pleading, there was, instead, only a whine.

I sat staring at the picture of physical loveliness in my hand. "Surely—surely that isn't *this*

"I'M AFRAID THAT GIRL WILL NEVER BECOME A STAR," THE CASTING DIRECTOR ANNOUNCED



girl's voice?" I said, dismayed. It just couldn't be!

"That's her, all right," he said, taking the record from the machine and putting it back in the files.

I looked at the photograph again. "She doesn't seem so pretty after all," I mused. "Not when you hear that unpleasant voice grating in your ears."

"That's the reason she didn't get a contract with our studio," the casting director told me. "In the old days of the silent pictures, she might have had a chance, but the people who see our modern talkies wouldn't tolerate a voice like that, no matter how pretty the girl."

"But does that mean she can never do what she wants to do?" I asked. "Just because of her voice? Why doesn't the studio train her to use her voice right?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said, as we left the recording room. "The studio just isn't interested in taking the chance."

THAT night, after I had returned to my home in near-by Redlands, California, I could not forget the girl whose voice was hurting her chances for success. Perhaps, I thought, girls who want to be actresses are not the only ones who are handicapped by unpleasant voices. What about the girls who want to be telephone operators, or school teachers? Private secretaries, or receptionists? What about nurses and salesgirls?

Is it likely that a girl whose voice is shrill, grating, or nasal might find that her prospective employers just aren't "interested in taking the chance"? If a girl has real ability in some field, would an unpleasant voice make any difference when she tries to get a job? Would a lovely, interesting voice be a great help?

The next day I interviewed young Dr. Joseph Baccus at the University of Redlands, a school which is nationally known for its speech department. I knew that Dr. Baccus, a specialist in the field of speech education, could give answers to these questions.

Sitting in his pleasant office, with the wind rustling through the palm trees outside the open window, and the scuffling and laughter of college students drifting in from the corridors, I told Dr. Baccus about the girl who could not be a star.

"Why do you suppose they weren't interested in taking a chance with her?" I asked. "Is voice that important?"

"It's more important than most of us consciously realize," he answered, smiling. "After all, you can tell very little about a girl's character by looking at her. But listen to her awhile, and the chances are you'll begin to guess what she's really like."

"Do you mean that a girl's voice can tell you what kind of personality she has?"

"That's it, exactly. We like to say that your voice is the instrument that expresses your self—your personality."

"Then if a girl has an unpleasant voice," I suggested, "it might possibly be because her voice was reflecting an unpleasant personality?"

"That is often true," Dr. Baccus said, leaning back in his chair. "Let's make a comparison to a piano composer and his instrument. You may not appreciate his music merely because his piano is out of tune, or the fault may lie with the music itself."

"When you don't like the voice of a certain girl, it may be that her voice, like the musician's piano, just needs better care and some 'tuning up.' On the other hand, the fault might lie with the girl herself—the kind of a personality she is expressing."

"Do you suppose that was the reason the studio didn't want to 'take a chance' by giving that girl a contract?" I asked. "Maybe they didn't know whether it was just her voice, or her whole personality that needed improving."



RELAX COMPLETELY, FLAT
ON YOUR BACK IN BED,
WITH YOUR PALMS PRESS-
ING BENEATH YOUR RIBS

Illustrated by
MARY C.
HIGHSMITH

"That could be it," Dr. Baccus smiled. "If her voice was unpleasant only for superficial reasons, like the piano that needed care and tuning, the studio could have improved it with lessons. But the problem goes a lot deeper if the unpleasant voice is the result of an unpleasant personality. Lessons won't take the whine or sharpness out of a voice if the cause is a basic selfishness, for instance."

I thought this over a moment. "Then a girl who wanted a truly lovely voice should do more than merely take voice lessons—she should also try to develop a lovely personality?"

"That's it," Dr. Baccus nodded. "Here at Redlands we try to improve the breathing and tonal qualities in the voices of our college students. That helps to put their voice instruments 'in tune', but the personality development is up to them. I can give you some exercises for correct breathing and for improving the tone and resonance of the voice, which your AMERICAN GIRL readers might like to use—but they ought also to make sure that their personalities are likeable and interesting if they really want musical voices."

A warning buzzer sounded the end of the third period. I knew Dr. Baccus had a fourth-period speech class, so I asked hurriedly, "What are the worst faults in the voices of teenage girls?"

"Carelessness, for one thing," he answered. "Many teenage girls use noisy, shrill, childish voices to express themselves, when they really have quite grown-up personalities. Although they may be fairly mature in many ways, they hardly seem so when they screech, or yell, or whine instead of talking."

"Imagine a pianist sitting down to play a beautiful sonata on a baby's toy piano, instead of using a well tuned concert grand. It sounds foolish, doesn't it? Yet that is what many

girls with fairly nice, mature personalities are doing all the time.

"It's just carelessness when a girl does have a lovely personality down deep inside, and lets it be expressed with a flat, tinny voice. Wouldn't she make a much better impression if she learned to use the resonant, beautiful tones of a full-grown voice?"

Before Dr. Baccus had to depart for his class, he left me a list of exercises such as are given to college students for voice improvement. A lot of them were simple exercises that you Girl Scouts could do alone, or in patrols, to help bring your voices from the "toy piano" stage to the "grand piano" stage. Would you like to know some of them? Here they are:

1. Correct breathing: You have been breathing all your life, but the question is, how do you do it? Do you take short, choppy breaths that just put the top half of your lungs to use? Or do you breathe deeply from your diaphragm the way singers, public speakers, and athletes do?

Your diaphragm (in case you haven't studied about it yet in hygiene) is a wide, flat muscle separating your chest cavity from your tummy cavity, and its job is to help your lungs do some really efficient breathing. If your diaphragm hasn't been doing its share of the work, here is an exercise you might do before you get up every morning—just as a reminder of

what your diaphragm should keep on doing all day long:

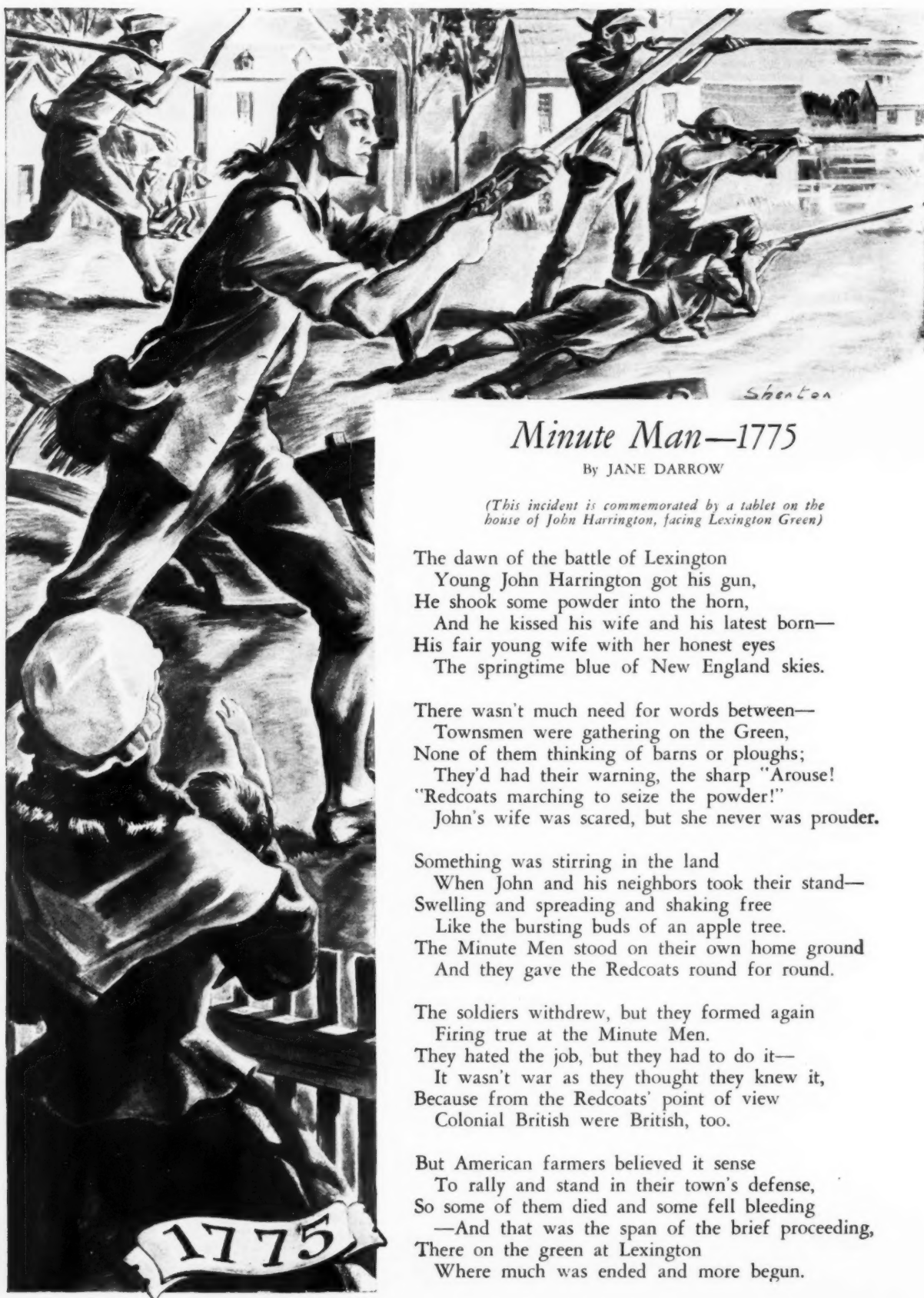
Relax completely, flat on your back in bed. Lay the palm of your hand just below your ribs—right over that lazy diaphragm. Keeping your chest *high*, slowly breathe out all the air in your lungs until your hand has sunk down practically to your backbone. Wait a couple of seconds now—stay relaxed—all right. Begin to take a slow, deep breath, easily, smoothly—do you see how your lungs begin to fill up first *at the bottom*? By letting the part under your hand expand with air first, all of your lungs are filled with air and not just the top.

Do this exercise four or five times every morning before you get up, then check up on yourself once in a while during the day to see if your breathing still begins way down low from that diaphragm of yours. As you gradually learn to breathe *correctly*, you will not only improve your breath control, but give a rich, round, pleasing tone to your voice.

2. Vowel exercises for lovely, full tones: Take a deep breath (using your diaphragm, of course) and sing these vowels slowly, one after the other, on the same pitch: *a*, *o*, *oo*, *e*. Repeat them until you can sing them smoothly and roundly, blending each vowel into the next one. For variation, repeat on the next note of the scale, then the next, and right on up as far as you can go without strain or loss of quality. A few minutes a day of this is (Continued on page 46)



WHILE YOU ARE BRUSHING YOUR HAIR IN THE MORNING, PRACTICE SAYING LETTERS AND SYLLABLES DISTINCTLY, OR READ POETRY ALOUD, VARYING YOUR INFLECTIONS



Minute Man—1775

By JANE DARROW

(This incident is commemorated by a tablet on the house of John Harrington, facing Lexington Green)

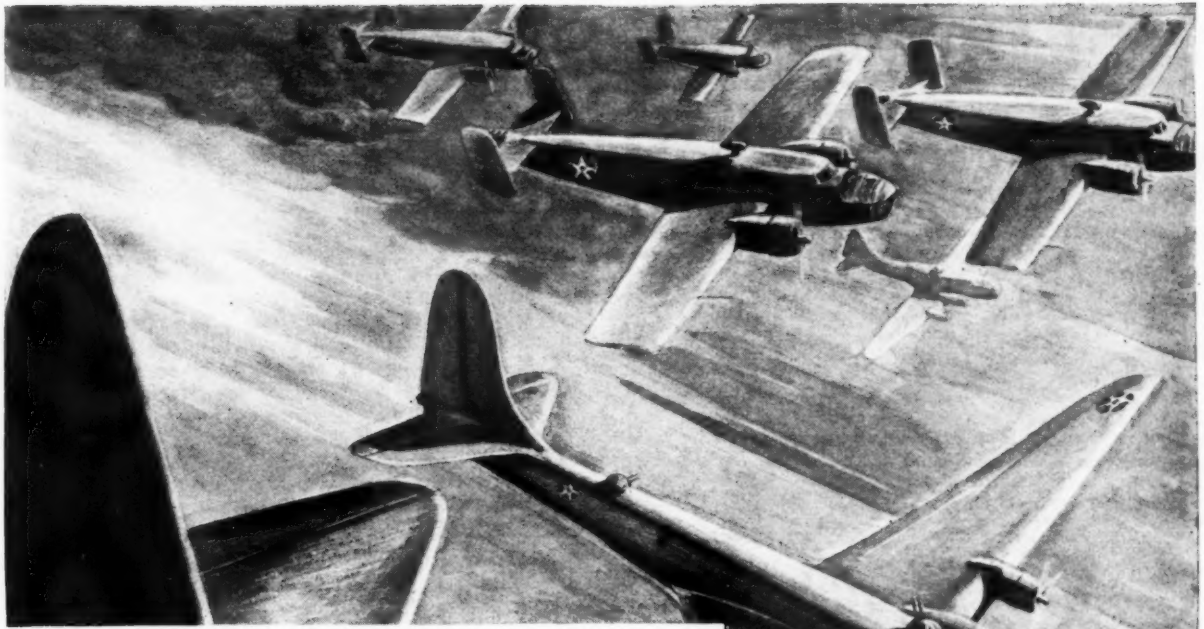
The dawn of the battle of Lexington
 Young John Harrington got his gun,
 He shook some powder into the horn,
 And he kissed his wife and his latest born—
 His fair young wife with her honest eyes
 The springtime blue of New England skies.

There wasn't much need for words between—
 Townsmen were gathering on the Green,
 None of them thinking of barns or ploughs;
 They'd had their warning, the sharp "Arouse!
 "Redcoats marching to seize the powder!"
 John's wife was scared, but she never was prouder.

Something was stirring in the land
 When John and his neighbors took their stand—
 Swelling and spreading and shaking free
 Like the bursting buds of an apple tree.
 The Minute Men stood on their own home ground
 And they gave the Redcoats round for round.

The soldiers withdrew, but they formed again
 Firing true at the Minute Men.
 They hated the job, but they had to do it—
 It wasn't war as they thought they knew it,
 Because from the Redcoats' point of view
 Colonial British were British, too.

But American farmers believed it sense
 To rally and stand in their town's defense,
 So some of them died and some fell bleeding
 —And that was the span of the brief proceeding,
 There on the green at Lexington
 Where much was ended and more begun.



Decoration by EDWARD SHENTON

John's neighbor said, "They'll go on to-morrow
 "And tackle Concord to their sorrow.
 "We Yankees won't be put upon,
 "We'll give them a fight when we're right—eh John?—
 "Whether it's hard or easy won."
 John nodded, knowing his fight was done.

John nodded, knowing he'd won it hard,
 And faltered across to his own front yard,
 Thinking, "I'll see my wife once more!"
 She ran straight out of their open door,
 Across the doorstep and down the grass—
 No need to tell her, his loving lass!

When she saw the red of his mortal wound
 And his stricken face, she nearly swooned.
 She leaned her breast to his heavy head
 And her face was white and her gown ran red,
 While his soul went home by the light of eyes
 The springtime blue of New England skies.

☆☆☆
 Something is stirring in the land
 Where John and his neighbors took their stand,
 A burgeoning out and a bursting forth,
 A moving in unison, South and North,
 A flutter of colors lately furled,
 And fierce, bright wings for an armored world.

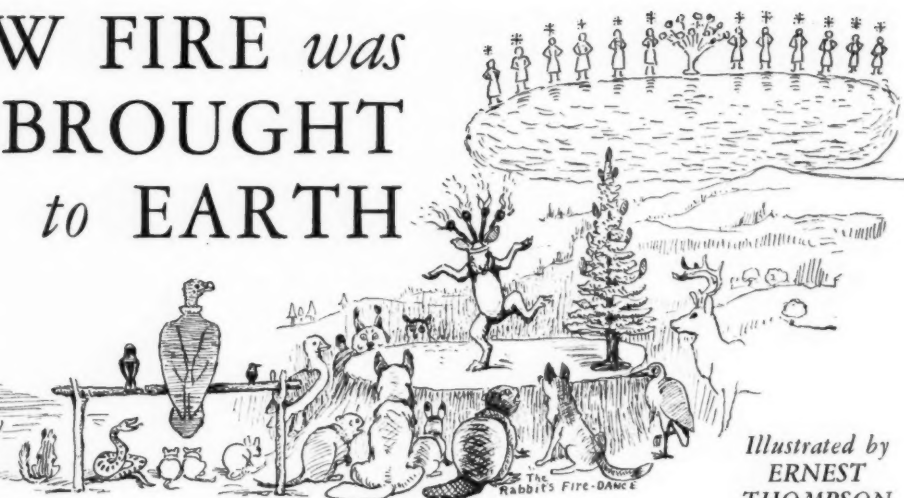
And wherever men speak in free men's speech,
 Or any language where freedom rings,
 There's a common passion for bringing things
 A little nearer the dreams of each—
 For where is the glory and what is the worth
 Until men are free to the ends of the earth?



1942



HOW FIRE *was* BROUGHT *to* EARTH



Illustrated by
ERNEST
THOMPSON
SETON



AFTER Fisher had given up his life so willingly in order to bring the warmth and comfort of summer to his fellow creatures, all went smoothly for a time. The animals rejoiced in the bright sunshine, and spent as much time in the open at their tasks as possible.

But happy as they were, all day long, they soon began to complain about the cold at night. There was no way they could think of to have any light or warmth after darkness came. Also, they found they had by no means banished the wintry winds—they had merely shortened their duration. The icy blasts returned for a considerable part of each year.

So again the animals went in a body to Nana-bo-jou, the Hero god. He was their refuge in time of trouble.

"Nana-bo-jou," they cried, "what can we do to keep warm at night and during the time of frosty winds? We need heat and light in our darkness."

Nana-bo-jou happened to be smoking at the time. He puffed away for a long time, then slowly took his pipe from his mouth. "My little brothers," he said, "there is something in what you say. There is certainly need for warmth and brightness after the Sun has left us each day, and during the storms of winter. But again it is you yourselves who must get these good things. What you need is called Fire, and one of your number must go for it."

There was anxious silence for some time. Then Nana-bo-jou went on rather sternly, "I have had experience before this in the matter of getting volunteers from among you. It has not been very successful, so now we will waste no time. Oriole, come here."

Oriole stepped forward. "Nana-bo-jou," he said, "I shall be glad to do whatever you tell me."

Now in those days, Oriole was a commonplace-looking bird. Because of his nondescript coloring he attracted no attention, but all were fond of him in a quiet way. He waited for his instructions.

"Listen, all of you," continued Nana-bo-jou, "for if Oriole fails, another of you will have to try. The Sun, as you know, is the source of all our light and heat. Oriole must fly all night, until he comes to the place where the Sun starts on his journey across the world each morning. He must in some way get a bit of the Sun to bring back to us. Now, Oriole, go—and good luck to you!"

Oriole darted off without a word. The animals returned to their homes to carry on the work of the day, but with instructions to assemble again the next morning to greet Oriole on his return from his hazardous adventure.

The arrival of the seasons made life on earth happier for the animals, but still they needed fire. An Indian Creation story by

JULIA M. SETON

At the appointed time, all were waiting. Suddenly a bird appeared, coming from the direction whence Oriole was expected. His feathers were black over most of his body, except his wings which were brilliant orange.

The bright bird flew straight into their midst. "Probably you do not recognize me," he said, "but I am your friend, Oriole. I flew all night, as Nana-bo-jou told me, but when I came to the East, where the Sun has his home, he had already departed. I saw him far away, high in the sky, and followed."

"However, before I got close enough to him to snatch a bit of his spark, it was so hot that my feathers began to burn. I turned back quickly and found a stream into which I plunged, putting out the blaze. When I struggled up the bank, I found that my feathers were as you see them now—some black from the singeing, some bright orange from the flame."

The animals all looked upon Oriole with admiration, for he was certainly much more handsome than he had been before.

"Thank you, Oriole. You did your best, I am sure," said Nana-bo-jou. "Although you have not succeeded in bringing back Fire to us, you will carry those gorgeous colors forevermore as a reward for your bravery."

The Hero god looked about the circle, and after careful thought, he spoke again. "Buzzard, you are bigger and stronger than Oriole. Suppose you try to bring us some Fire from the Sun. But instead of going to the place where the Sun starts out each morning, fly in the opposite direction. Meet him where he comes down at the end of his day's journey. His heat may then be a little spent."

Buzzard promptly took off with a great flapping of wings.

All day the other birds and animals went about their work, silent and concerned. They realized more than ever that this was a dangerous undertaking. Early the next morning, all were gathered again in the circle about (Continued on page 45)

THE SKY-BLUE TRAILER

PART THREE

THE Riverview Fair was larger than the one at Ringo. The sky-blue trailer arrived there the night before the fair was to open, so Zip and the Sparkes family had plenty of time to select a good spot and make themselves at home. All was confusion and excitement, with tents going up, the merry-go-round being installed, and live stock being driven in. But above the confusion there was a calm evening sky, red in the west, with a pale round moon beginning to show her face.

"Do you know where the pump is, Zip?" asked Minty, appearing at the back door of the trailer with a water bucket in her hand. "The trailer tank is empty."

"Around behind the livestock building," said Zip. "You want me to fetch it for you?"

"No, you're busy. Eggs and I can get it."

"We sure can," cried Eggs, eagerly throwing down her dish towel for the greater delight of exploring a new fair.

As they came around the side of the trailer, they saw Madame L'Enigma passing her hand lovingly along the side of it. "Such a pretty trailer," she said with a sigh. "And you're such lucky girls to be living in it. I hope you know that."

"Oh, yes, we do," said Minty.

"Are the bunks really as comfortable as they look, dearie?"

"Oh, yes."

"Does the shower bath really work? Is it true that there's a little refrigerator and an electric stove?"

The Story So Far

After their experiences in "Winter Cottage," the Sparkes family settle down in Minneapolis. Pop opens a second-hand book store with his prize money, and they live over the shop. Minty, who has persuaded Pop to trade a set of Dickens for an ancient sewing machine, makes clothes for herself and Eggs, her masterpiece being a green velvet suit to wear to high school, which is to open in two weeks. There is no cloud in Minty's sky, except her fear that Pop and Eggs may start roaming again—a fear that is realized when a stranger, describing himself as Zip, the Lightning Artist, arrives in a trailer which is towed to the book shop. Zip tells them his car was smashed in an accident and urges Pop and the girls to drive him and his trailer to the county fairs, where his "lightning art" is one of the attractions. He has no money, he says, until he can collect his insurance.

The trailer is painted sky blue and decorated with garlands and landscapes. Inside it is fitted up with the most delightful gadgets, and Minty cannot resist it. She agrees to go, provided they can get back for the opening of school. Zip puts up shelves so Pop can take some books to sell to the farmers' wives at the fairs.

The Clover County Fair, their first stop, with its striped tents, merry-go-rounds, and freaks, fascinates the Sparkes family, though they are doubtful of some of the people—Madame L'Enigma, the fortuneteller, for instance, and a rude girl who calls herself Wildcat. Minty and Eggs are deeply shocked when Wildcat, who has insisted on using Zip's paints, throws his palette and brushes on the ground in a fury because her picture turns out a daub.

Arriving at the Riverview Fair, Minty and Eggs have another encounter with the strange girl called Wildcat

By

CAROL RYRIE BRINK

"Yes, it is." Minty's answers were as brief as possible.

"My! My! Mr. Zipora is a great artist—and such an attractive man, too, don't you think?"

"We like him a lot."

"Does he ever speak of me, girls? I mean in a special sort of way?"

"He sure does," said Eggs.

"As if he were—er—considering me, dearie?"

"Well, that depends—" began Minty doubtfully.

But Eggs had heard enough. "My goodness," she cried, "if you read the past and the future, Madame L'Enigma, I don't see why you need to ask so many questions of us."

"SUCH A PRETTY TRAILER,"
MADAME L'ENIGMA SIGHED



The girls hurried away with their bucket swinging between them, but Minty was really troubled. "She's certainly infatuated with that trailer. We must do all we can to protect Zip."

"It's awful, having her bob up at every fair, just like the two-headed calf. I wonder if Wildcat's here?"

"I hope not," said Minty. "We never did find out what she had to do with the last fair, did we?"

"Here's the pump! It looks as if everybody wanted water. We'll have to stand at the end of the line, Minty."

A queue of people with buckets and coffee pots had formed behind the pump. There was a sound of splashing water and the asthmatic squeak of a tired pump handle. The people in line were chatting sociably together as they awaited their turns.

Minty and Eggs fell in behind a girl and boy who carried an empty milk pail between them. The girl looked around with a friendly smile. She was just about Minty's height, but a little plumper. She had smooth, sunburned hair, braided and wound about her head, and her eyes were blue in a broad face which was tanned almost the color of her hair.

"I guess we have to wait," she said.

The boy looked around, too, with a frank stare of curiosity at Minty and Eggs. He was considerably smaller, but so much like the girl in coloring and appearance that Minty knew at once they were brother and sister. "What are you exhibiting?" he asked.

"Why—nothing, I guess," said Minty. "We're with Zip, the artist, and my father who sells books."

"Oh," said the boy, and turned his back on them as if they no longer interested him.

But the girl continued to smile at them. "I'm exhibiting

a lemon pie," she said, "and Glen's exhibiting his bantams."

"What are bantams?" asked Eggs.

Glen whirled around with another stare of outraged astonishment. "Don't you know what bantams are?"

"I sure don't," said Eggs stoutly.

The boy groaned and turned his back again.

"Bantams are chickens," explained the girl, "only they never grow very big. They're awfully cute."

"Cute," said Glen scornfully, as if that were the worst insult that could be offered.

"I think it would be fun to exhibit something," said Minty. "Do you go around to all the fairs?"

"Oh, no! We live on a farm about twenty miles from here. But we always bring our tent and camp here at River-view during the fair. Daddy exhibits stock and Mama exhibits her crocheted bedspreads. It's the most fun of the year."

"Who looks after your farm?"

"Oh, Oscar does," said the girl. "He's our married brother. When we get back, he and his wife take their vacation up at the Twin Cities. They like that better than the County Fair, but we don't."

"What's your name?" asked Eggs.

"Mary Johnson. I'm fourteen. What's your name?"

"We're Eggs and Minty Sparkes. Don't ask us to tell you what Eggs and Minty stand for."

"That's just what I was going to do."

"Well, folks always laugh," said Minty, "but I might as well tell you and get it over with. Our real names are Eglandine and Araminta."

"Oh, I think those are lovely names," cried Mary. "I've always wished I had a fancy name."

"So they call you Eggs," said Glen, eying the youngest



MINTY PASSED PANCAKES AS QUICKLY AS POP COOKED THEM, BUT WILDCAT STAYED ON HER HIGH HORSE. IT WAS EASY TO SEE THAT IN HER OWN MIND SHE WAS BEHAVING LIKE A DUCHESS

member of the Sparkes family with disapproval, "and you never heard of a bantam! Where you been all your life?"

"I been riding on the merry-go-round," said Eggs pertly.

"I guess you're still dizzy. Ever been up in the Ferris Wheel?"

"No. Have you?"

"I sure have. They always have a Ferris wheel at River-view."

"I don't believe it," said Eggs, looking all around. "A thing like that would stick up where you could see it."

"They're just putting it up," said Glen earnestly. "Honest."

"I won't believe it till I see it," said Eggs, trying to suppress her excitement.

"Well, I'll show you then, if you're that dumb. Come on."

"All right," said Eggs, "but you better not fool me."

"We'll be right back," called Glen as the two of them dashed away.

Mary and Minty looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders. Then they began to laugh.

"Kid brothers and sisters," said Mary. "I guess they're all alike."

"Tell me about your lemon pie," begged Minty. "I never have any luck with the meringue on mine."

By the time Mary and Minty had reached the pump with their empty buckets, they were firm friends and were looking forward to a happy week in each other's society.

"Where do you have your tent?" asked Minty, when they were ready to part.

"It's over in this corner of the grounds, nearest the live stock and the Women's Building. Daddy doesn't like to be far away from the cow and calf, and he's got Ginger, our horse, here, too. He may even enter her in the races if he can get someone to ride her."

"Listen, Mary. I live over in the sky-blue trailer on the Midway. It's awfully easy to find. Will you come and see me?"

"Of course," said Mary. "As soon as the chores are done in the morning."

"Let's see the fair together."

"I'd love to."

Eggs could talk of nothing but the Ferris wheel that night when she was getting ready for bed. "There really is one, Minty. Think of it! Instead of going around and around flat on the ground, you go around and around up in the sky."

"Around and around, flat on the ground," chanted Minty sleepily. "Sounds like a poem."

"But Minty," cried Eggs, "it's going to cost ten cents a ride. That Glen has been saving up all year and he's got a dollar and fifty cents. That's (Continued on page 38)"

Illustrated by FRITZ EICHENBERG



Expressing themselves

FIND SELF-EXPRESSION A REWARDING PROJECT



Paul Parker Photo



"MAKE A DESIGN SUITABLE FOR CHIP CARVING AND APPLY IT TO SOME ARTICLE OF WOOD!" THIS CANDIDATE FOR THE WOOD BADGE TRIES HER SKILL AT CARVING A SERIES OF HER ORIGINAL DESIGNS



"TAKE SIX PICTURES OF FAMILIAR SCENES AND OBJECTS THAT WILL EXPRESS THE SPIRIT OF THE MOMENT!" EARNING THE PHOTOGRAPHY BADGE IS FUN AT CAMP WHEN IT INCLUDES AN ASSIGNMENT AS PLEASANT AS THAT



Photograph by [unclear]

A SENIOR GIRL S... DECIDES TO LEARN... —AND AT THE SAME... START ON CHRISTMAS... DEMONSTRATE THE... GRANT, HAND-DIP... Y



"WEAVE A SIMPLE BASKET . . . USING YOUR OWN DESIGN!" A BASKETRY BADGE OWNER SHOWS A YOUNGER CAMPER HOW TO BEGIN



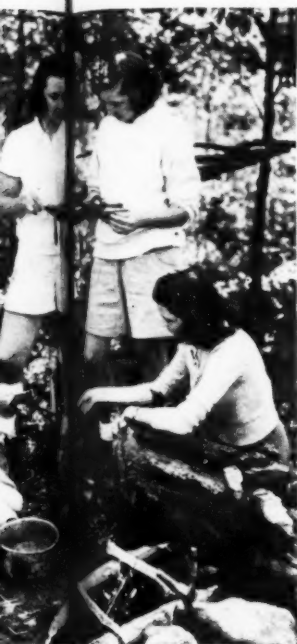
WITH A PUPPET THEY MADE THEMSELVES THESE TWO CAMPERS ARE PLANNING HOW TO DRAMATIZE A FAIRY TALE, TO HELP IN EARNING THEIR TROOP DRAMATICS BADGE



Paul Parker Photo

mselves! GIRL SCOUT CAMPERS

ING PERIENCE THROUGH ARTS AND CRAFTS



Photograph by W. Stewart

R GIRL SCOUT GROUP AT CAMP
TO LEARN CANDLE MAKING
THE SAME TO GET A HEAD
CHRISTMAS. HERE THEY
RATE MAKING OF FRA-
HAND-DIP HAYBERRY CANDLES

er Photo Paul Parker Photo

"MAKE A DRAWING OF A PAINTING OR
SOME FAMILIAR LANDSCAPE!" THIS
SCOUT WHO IS EARNING HER DRAWING
OR PAINTING BADGE NATURALLY
WISHES TO RE-CREATE ON PAPER THE
BEAUTY OF A WELL LOVED SCENE

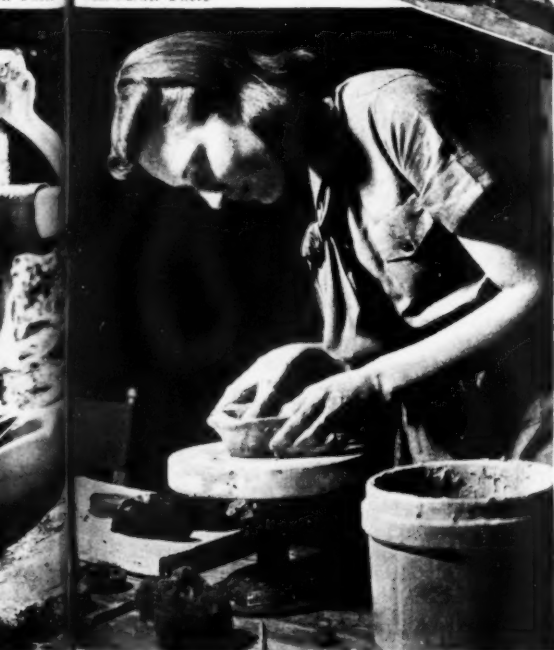


Paul Parker Photo



Paul Parker Photo

LEARNING ABOUT COLOR COMBI-
NATIONS AND FLOWING MOVEMENT
IN DESIGN THROUGH FINGER OR
FIST PAINTING IS GOOD PREPARATION
FOR SOME OF THE ACTIVITIES
IN THE COLORCRAFT BADGE



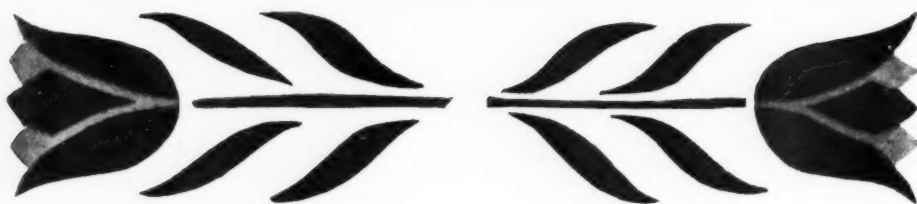
Photograph by Brady W. Stewart

"WEAVE A PIECE OF MATERIAL ON ANY
TYPE OF LOOM AVAILABLE"—ONE OF THE
ACTIVITIES CHOSEN BY THIS CAMPER IN
WORKING TO EARN HER WEAVING BADGE



A PIECE OF POTTERY IN THE MAKING—BY
A GIRL SCOUT CAMPER WHO FINDS THAT
EARNING THE POTTERY BADGE IS FUN





The Story of a GIRL SCOUT GUILD

IN THE small suburban community of Progress, Pennsylvania, Girl Scout Troop 101 has been experimenting with a new phase of the Senior Girl Scout program. With a membership of eighteen, the troop has been in existence for some years and has "grown up" from an intermediate troop to a senior troop. Because of a deep interest in crafts and creative activities, the girls decided to become a Senior Girl Scout Guild.

In conference with their energetic and enthusiastic leader, Mrs. William Hilton, the girls read and discussed the suggested outline of Guild activities prepared by Girl Scouts, Inc., for the use of Senior groups. They found the program flexible and adaptable. Patterned after the medieval guilds, it carried romance, inspiration, and enticing possibilities.

They liked the comprehensive way in which the Guild program interpreted the arts to include all creative activities. They liked the organization plan which provided that interest groups, called "misteries," could be included in the Guild. They liked knowing that "mystery" is the medieval term applied to members of a guild working on the same project, and that the word may have been one of the origins of the title "mister." Mister Smith

may have acquired that name because he was one who had mastered the art of smithing, while Mister Mason, no doubt, was originally an expert stone-cutter. The misteries of a Senior Girl Scout Guild can be as many as the girls wish, up to five. They may include arts and crafts, dancing, music, drama, and writing. The Progress Scouts liked the means of progression from apprentice to journeyman to master artisan, and they particularly liked the thought of working on a "masterpiece" by which they could be considered worthy to attain this latter rank.

And so Troop 101 became one of the first of the Senior Girl Scout Guilds. In the very beginning, it was their good fortune to be given the use of an attractive log cabin for a meeting place. Furnishing and equipping this pleasant little Guild home later became the focus of the greater part of their creative efforts.



AT RIGHT: TWO HEX SIGNS INSPIRED BY THE MARKS ON PENNSYLVANIA BARNs. BELOW: A DECORATED TIN TRAY. LEFT, BELOW: MINIATURES OF HOUSE FURNISHINGS MADE BY THE PROGRESS GIRL SCOUTS



Before getting under way, the girls discussed many plans; then, finally, since they lived in Pennsylvania, they settled down to a thorough study of the customs, crafts, and folk arts of the Pennsylvania Dutch. To the amazement of their leader, the girls were enthusiastic because of the long period of time required to carry out their plans.

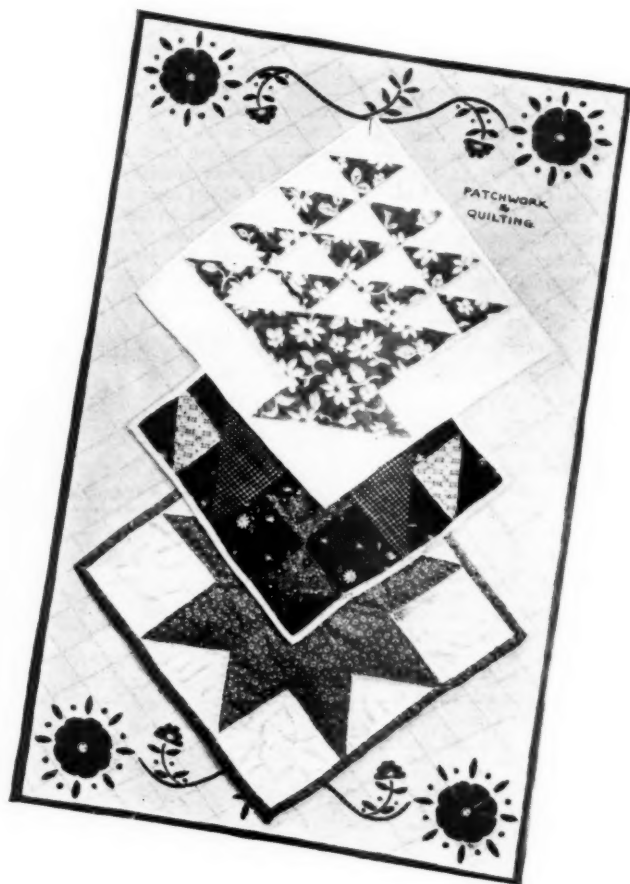
They looked up the history of the Pennsylvania Dutch, especially in their own locality which was rich in folklore and folk crafts. The girls who were interested in writing wove the stories together into a play, those interested in drama planned to produce it—just as the various misteries of medieval guilds came together periodically in the production of a mystery play, each mystery contributing its share to the production. Some of the girls interested in music found a number of the early songs and formed a choral group. Others discovered folk dances, and one group made a collection of cook books and recipes. These were bound into a book and—since many of the recipes called for herbs which were new to the girls—an herb garden was planted.

The more the girls studied and talked, the more interesting the subject became and the more exciting were the things to do that came to light. Most intriguing of all were the crafts— weaving, pottery, quilting, rug making, and the decorating of furniture and tinware with the lovely old "gaudy Dutch" patterns. With the aid of a book on early American decoration, the girls learned to make stencils with which they decorated the corner cupboard, the

The Progress, Pennsylvania, Senior Scouts discover the fun in starting a Guild and the rewards of learning how to be "master artisans"

By CHESTER MARSH

Arts and Crafts Adviser, Girl Scouts Inc.



dower chest, and several quaint old chairs which, with the help of their interested mothers, they had found in secondhand shops and friendly attics.

The director of the Hershey Museum, in the near-by city of Hershey, Pennsylvania, opened the museum especially for Troop 101 on Saturday mornings, so they could have more time and greater freedom for research among the fine collections of Pennsylvania folk arts and crafts. Several of the girls visited the home of a Mennonite family and learned to make braided rugs. They learned how to make quilts with lovely appliqué and patchwork patterns.

Bit by bit, the furnishings of the cabin were finished. The dower chest, painted a soft Dutch blue and decorated with a floral pattern, stood between two windows. Through the expert advice of the father of one of the girls, the corner cupboard became a work of art. On the wall hung candle sconces made of tin, painted black and made gay with conventionalized tulips and geometric "hex" signs. (The girls, in their research, had found that the cabalistic signs painted on the sides of isolated red barns throughout Pennsylvania are protective magic signs. They found that they are placed there by superstitious farmers, who believe in witchcraft, to ward off the evil "hex" or magic, which might be wished on them by envious or vengeful neighbors.)

On the floor of the cabin are bright rag rugs; at the windows are curtains stenciled in gay designs. When the girls of Troop 101 ask their mothers, or their friends, to visit them on special occasions, they serve Dutch crullers and seed cakes on "Gaudy Dutch" pottery arranged on beautifully decorated tin trays. The photographs used to illustrate this account are miniature reproductions of these various articles made for a Girl Scout arts and crafts exhibit.

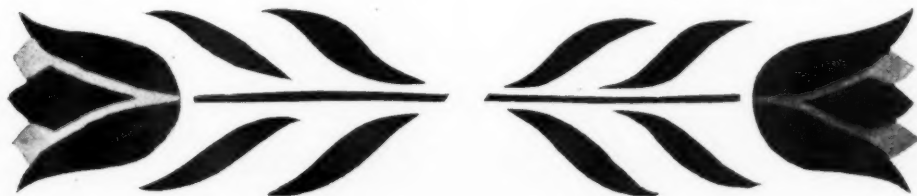
The Progress Guild has been studying the early Pennsylvania folk arts for more than a year now, and, as one Guild member expresses it, "We haven't really begun yet. It's such fun. One thing leads right into another, and each new thing gets more interesting and more exciting. Take quilts, for instance. We can work for months yet, collecting new patterns, patching and quilting. And we haven't even started on glass."

What a grand suggestion for other troops there is in this undertaking of the Progress Girl Scouts! And how about your own community? Perhaps your own State, or locality, will prove to be a treasure trove of folk arts just waiting for you to do some delving in order to bring them to the light.

ABOVE: THREE SAMPLE DESIGNS FOR PATCHWORK QUILTS. LEFT: TWO MORE HEX SIGNS. RIGHT AND BELOW: TWO VERSIONS OF THE TULIP MOTIF USED IN SO MANY EXAMPLES OF PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH ART



"Senior Girl Scout Program Unit 1," which tells how to form a Senior Girl Scout Guild, is free upon request to Girl Scout leaders



WILLIAMSBURG—Symbol of Liberty

The original church was built soon after the Middle Plantation (later to become Williamsburg) was settled. That small wooden structure, built so many years ago, was the forerunner of the present fine brick building. It was designed by the English Governor, Alexander Spotswood, and completed in 1715 except for the tower which was not built until much later. In the tower hangs the "Liberty Bell of Virginia," so called because it was rung on three great occasions in the history of the Colony: in 1766, when Great Britain repealed the odious Stamp Act; in 1776, when the Virginia Burgesses passed a resolution asking the Colonial Congress to declare the United Colonies free and independent States; and last, in 1783, when peace was ratified after the Revolutionary War between the United States and Great Britain.

Walking west from the old church along Duke of Gloucester Street, you pass a row of quaint shops and taverns and approach a large, shady square fenced in by a white paling fence. Straight ahead, through the gate and down a broad central walk between tree-shaded lawns, is a large and stately two-story brick edifice, the "Great Building" of William and Mary College. When I explored this oldest academic building still standing in the United States, a student told me about the young clergyman, Dr. James Blair, who went from Virginia to England—in the days when the capital of Virginia was still Jamestown—to ask the King and Queen for a college in the new settlement, Middle Plantation. His request was granted and on February 8, 1693, a charter was issued, establishing "Their Majesties' Royal College of William and Mary." The reason for the founding of the college was "that the Church of Virginia may be furnish'd with a Seminary of Ministers of the Gospel, and that the Youth may be piously educated in good Letters and Manners, and that the Christian Faith may be propagated amongst the Western Indians." Their Majesties also gave the college a generous endowment, and the great Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, was asked to design the building. A master builder, Thomas Hadley, was sent from England to erect it.

The building was described by an early writer as "beautiful and commodious" and

that description still suits it. Joined to the main building are two wings, one called "The Great Hall" and used as a dining hall for early students; the other, a chapel. At one end of the Great Hall is a fireplace near which the headmaster had his table; along the sides of the room are four long tables, with wooden benches, where the students sat for meals. The room is no longer in use, but the chapel in the other wing is used daily. It is a small, beautifully paneled room with a balcony facing the entrance door. In the early days, the students sat in the center pews, the faculty under the balcony, and the slaves in the balcony. Students who died were sometimes buried under the floor of the chapel. One of the Colonial Governors, Lord Botetourt, is also buried under the slate slabs of the floor. The coat of arms of George I still adorns the walls.

The Great Building had hardly been completed when the capital of the Virginia Colony was moved from Jamestown to Middle Plantation, now Williamsburg. During the years 1699 to 1704, while the new Capitol building was being erected, the college was used as Government house. The House of Burgesses held its sessions in the Great Hall. The later history of this building is again connected with the history of our country; many years later it was used as a hospital for General Lafayette's French soldiers and the names of those who died there are inscribed on the walls of the lower portico. During the Civil War, the Great Building was set on fire. Although later rebuilt, many alterations were made and the building lost much of its elegance and dignity. It was one of the first in Williamsburg, however, to be restored to its original design.

In front of the college stands the statue of the most loved of all the Colonial Governors of Virginia, Lord Botetourt, erected by the General Assembly of Virginia in 1771. Engraved on the marble base of the statue are these significant words:

LET WISDOM AND JUSTICE
PRESIDE IN ANY COUNTRY;
THE PEOPLE WILL REJOICE
AND MUST BE HAPPY

If you should visit Williamsburg on a Saturday, as I did, you would find the streets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

bustling with Negroes and sight-seers who have come to spend the week end. As I passed the covered porch of a little hardware shop, I noticed an old colored mammy seated at a table selling cook books. *EMMA JANE'S COOK BOOK*, a big sign read. The colored woman is Emma Jane herself and her cook book contains her own recipes. She told me what a wonderful cook she used to be and that her favorite specialty was making light bread. But what I most longed to taste, after glancing over the recipes in the book, was some of Emma Jane's "Fool Nigger Proof Cake." So intriguing did it sound that I found myself buying one of the cook books,



TOP: EMMA JANE AND HER COOK BOOKS.
BELOW: THE WILLIAMSBURG GAOL. AT
LEFT, THE DEANE SHOP AND FORGE



fully intending to try and make one of those cakes as soon as I returned home.

A block or two farther down the street is a white cottage with boxwood clumps at its doorstep and a hanging sign proclaiming, both by picture and lettering, that here a "Boot and Shoemaker" carries on his trade. The bootmaker was standing in the doorway as I approached, wearing a work apron over a Colonial suit with knee breeches and pumps with large buckles. I stopped for a moment to chat with him. He peered at me through small eye-glasses in heavy antique brass frames while he told me about his trade. All his shoes, he said, are hand-sewn, except rough work shoes which are held together with wooden pegs. Twelve hours are required for making a pair of buckle pumps, sixteen for a

pair of high boots. I wondered who would buy his boots and shoes today and he explained that he keeps busy making the Colonial footwear worn by the attendants in the restored buildings of Williamsburg. It was fun seeing the simple equipment in his workroom and mentally contrasting it with the complicated machinery which fashions the shoes we wear today.

I said good-by to the cobbler and continued my stroll. Just beyond Bruton Parish Church I crossed the street and came upon a large grassy square without trees, known as the Palace Green. Cows were grazing on the square and a little bare-footed colored girl in a long dress was playing about. I walked over to the green to speak to her. Her name, she told me, was Marjorie. Her mother worked near by and the child offered to show me "her" house. It was a stately square house of red brick, standing on the west side of the lawn. I discovered it was built about 1755 by Richard Taliaferro, but is today called the Wythe House, in honor of George Wythe who lived in it for many years. Wythe was famous in his day as the first professor of law in America; he was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and the designer of the Virginia seal.

Marjorie did not know the story of this old house, but she was proud of it. Her particular love, however, was for the smaller houses in the back yard. One of them was the cook house over which her mother presided. She escorted me through the eight spacious rooms of the big house and its wide halls, while I admired the beautiful furnishings, particularly the piano, desk, and needle-point rug in the drawing-room, the red-and-white chess set, the portrait of Washington, and the silver writing set in the library, the lovely arrangements of old-fashioned flowers throughout the house.

Then Marjorie took me across the back lawn to the big double kitchen to visit her mother, and showed me the cradle, the baby chair, the hot water bottle for sore throats, and the wonderful "shoo-fly chair" with its high fly brush suspended overhead and operated by a foot pedal below. We visited the laundry, the granary, the smoke house full of hickory smoked meats, the coach house, the stable, the pigeon and chicken houses, the vegetable and shrub gardens, and last—the weaving house with its spinning wheels and looms.

Marjorie had to go and help her father with the cows, she said, so I thanked her for being such a friendly guide and walked along the Palace Green to the large and impressive building behind high brick walls at the end of the lawn—the Governor's Palace. Through high, wrought-iron gates one passes into a courtyard flanked by two lower buildings on east and west—the office and guard house—and then ascends high steps to the Palace door where a lovely young woman in a quaint, full-skirted gown greets visitors.

Before starting with her on a tour of this handsome and elegantly furnished building, I learned from her something of its history. For several years after the capital was moved from Jamestown to Middle Plantation and the named changed to Williamsburg, the Governor made his residence at the college. In 1705, however, the Assembly made an appropriation of £3,000 for building a Governor's House. This sum was much too small, and so much money was finally appropriated that the Assembly began calling the building "The Palace." A writer of that time said, "... the Palace or Governor's House is a magnificent Structure ... finished and beautified with Gates, fine Gardens, Offices, a fine Canal, Or-



"He doesn't even SEE me!"

SUSAN is cute looking. But boys don't go for still-life. They like girls with zoom. And Susan is no ball of fire! Why? It may be the way she eats. (Or doesn't eat.) Just picks at her food. And completely ignores breakfast. Imagine! After all, if you want to zip through the day, you need nourishment. Plenty of it.

Not that you should stow away an over-stuffed breakfast. Just fill a nice generous bowl with those crisp golden flakes, Wheaties. Pour on milk, or cream. Have some fruit. Now you're eating! ... Wheaties are whole wheat. So if it's "go-get-em" you want—well, Wheaties give you something to go on! Vitamins, minerals, food-energy, proteins.

Smooth stuff, too—Wheaties. Bet you'll spoon up these crunchy flakes like mad. ... Time's a-wasting, you know—and so is the fun. Start eating right. Start tomorrow, with a Wheaties breakfast.

Special offer! Get handsome mechanical pencil, shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Yours for only 10c and one Wheaties box top. Send now to Wheaties, Dept. 2320, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.

chards, &c. . . . These Buildings . . . are justly reputed the best in all the *English America*, and are exceeded by few of their Kind in *England*." The Palace soon became the center of the social life of the Colony. Dances, garden parties, and banquets were given by the Governors whenever the Assembly was in session, for then the Virginia country families came into town for a few weeks of diversion.

The last Colonial Governor to live at the Palace was Lord Dunmore, who fled to England at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. The Palace was then taken over by General Charles Lee, commanding the Virginia troops at Williamsburg. Later Patrick Henry, the first Governor of Virginia elected by the people, lived there. The last Governor to live in the Palace was Thomas Jefferson.

During the siege of Yorktown, the Palace was used as a hospital for General Washington's soldiers. One hundred and fifty-six soldiers who died in the building were buried in the garden and their graves are still there. In December, 1781, while still being used as a hospital, the original Palace was destroyed by fire. The restored Palace stands on its original foundations, which were discovered in excellent condition.

The hostess led me through the many stately rooms of the Palace, coming last of all to the beautiful ballroom on the ground floor. Then I explored the spacious gardens, walking between tall, clipped hedges and pausing to rest under an arched, vine-covered walk-way. But the Governor's Canal beckoned, so I descended many flights of broad steps, down, down, down, through the Falling Gardens to a quiet lake bordered by trees. The Governor's boat was tied to the landing, just as it had been in the old days. A mother duck and five ducklings played at the edge of the water and a brown rabbit bounded across the grass. I stood a while looking at the dark quiet water, then climbed back up another long flight of steps leading to the kitchen—a long, low building with an enormous chimney at either end.

Inside the kitchen are equally enormous fireplaces, fitted with an amazing collection of cooking utensils. The old colored woman who presides over the place told me about the strange-looking cooking devices. In addition to the iron and brass kettles and pots, she called my attention to a heart-shaped waffle iron, a revolving spit for roasting chickens, a coffee roaster with a long handle for turning in the fire, a mortar and pestles for grinding spices, a hominy mortar for making grits, a tinder-box candle holder with a flint and steel for striking a light, a butter churn operated by a wheel, a candle mold for making the mutton tallow candles used in the Palace, a sugar chest with compartments for different kinds of sugar, and—most amusing of all—a "sparking lamp." This small lamp was lighted on the arrival of a lover, who must leave when the oil burned out!

Objects of this kind are still made in Williamsburg at an old forge on Prince George Street, a block or two away, almost concealed under a huge willow tree. A covered wagon stands in the front yard and in a cozy shop the smith displays his wares—hand-wrought hinges, nails, staples, firedogs, candle stands, brackets, door pulls, latches, foot-scrappers, and many other metal objects used in Colonial times. Through an open door one may look down into the smith's workshop and see its tremendous chimney with a big bellows attached, heavy anvil, and hammers.

Viewing the Governor's kitchen had set me to dreaming about the bountiful and lavish

meals that must have been prepared there for hearty Colonial appetites, and I realized that I was hungry and must find a place to eat. There are many attractive eating places in Williamsburg. I chose the Travis House which has been restored to its original form as an old time "ordinary," or inn. It is located just across the Duke of Gloucester Street from Bruton Parish church and it has a large, yet intimate, holly and boxwood garden at the rear, where one may eat an eighteenth century meal served by colored waiters in Colonial dress. The recipes are from Williamsburg cook books, the seasonings from Williamsburg gardens, the cooking worthy of Emma Jane herself. Fried chicken, Virginia ham, corn pudding, Sally Lunn bread, tipsy cake, and pecan pies are specialties. Of course I couldn't try them all!

WALKING east from Travis House along Duke of Gloucester Street, one comes upon a large open square, grassy and almost empty. This is Market Square. On one side there is an eight-sided building known as the Powder Magazine, where gunpowder and arms were stored in the days of the Governors; on the other, the old Court House, now used as a museum. Taverns, houses, shops, and gardens of great charm line the street, among them the Market Square Tavern which has been in continuous use since 1749, and where one may still stay on a visit to Williamsburg. A block further on is a restored house which was once the dwelling of Captain Orr, a prosperous blacksmith, and in the next block is the Bland-Weatherburn House whose proprietor, Henry Weatherburn, made such a famous punch that William Randolph once sold the father of Thomas Jefferson two hundred acres of land for a bowl of it! Next to this house stands Charlton's Inn, a fashionable tavern at which George Washington frequently stopped. Just across the street is the most famous inn of Williamsburg, the Raleigh Tavern, a long, dormer-windowed building of white weatherboard construction, built almost flush with the street, from which a shallow flight of stone steps with wrought-iron balustrades leads to the front door. In front of the door swings a painted sign bearing a portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, the man who first promoted the settlement of English colonists in the new world. The interior of the Raleigh Tavern is elegant and full of interest. Each room served a different purpose and each had its own individual character. Even the names of the rooms have charm—the Parlor, the Game Room, the Tap Room, the Apollo Room, the Daphne Room, and the Public Room. In the Parlor, with its red damask walls, General Lafayette was entertained on his last visit to America in 1824, and above the mantel in one of the rooms hangs his portrait. The Tap Room has a thoroughly masculine air. Here the gentlemen met to drink, smoke, and amuse themselves, and here, when the Stamp Act was put into effect, they took an oath not to drink tea.

The Apollo Room, large and handsome, decorated in lead-blue trim with white walls, was used for balls, parties, and banquets and was the most popular room in the tavern. On several occasions it was used as a meeting place for the Assembly and House of Burgesses when the Governor had forbidden their meeting at the Capitol. In this room, too, the Phi Beta Kappa society was organized, so legend goes, by a small group of William and Mary students, in December, 1776. In honor of this event, every year on December fifth the Phi Beta Kappa chapter of William and

Mary meets in the Apollo Room for dinner. That is the only time meals are now served in the tavern.

In the Daphne Room, a smaller dining room adjoining the Apollo, the china and silver have been especially reproduced from fragments discovered in the foundation. There are rat-tail spoons, pistol-handle knives, three-tine forks, and handsome gray linen napkins thirty-six inches square and designed to be tied around the neck when eating! The Public Room, at the end of the wing, has the atmosphere of English taverns of story-book fame. It is furnished in a practical manner with small bare tables, pewter, and English horn cups. Above the mantel hangs a contemporary map showing Lafayette's campaign in Virginia.

In Colonial days the Raleigh Tavern was much more than a public house—it was the real center of the activities of the town. In the street before the door were held auctions of slaves, lands, houses, ships, horses, and cattle, while within the tavern itself went on a constant round of business and political meetings, and social festivities.

It was a meeting place for the great patriots of the Revolutionary era, and in the Apollo Room Washington and other Virginia patriots held many secret meetings.

On the same side of Duke of Gloucester Street are a number of restored shops. One of the quaintest establishments, whose large windows of small glass panes are filled with advertisements of wigs, is the "Barber and Puke Maker's Shop." The Barber, whose sign advertises "Good Brown Wigs, Ties, Grizzlies, Grays, Bobs, and Cues of all sorts at the lowest price," is a good-looking young fellow with buckled pumps and a fine white wig.

"In Colonial days," he told me in his soft Southern voice, "gentlemen shaved their heads and had several wigs suited to varied occasions. A black wig with a cue was worn for everyday, a gray wig for semi-dress, and a white wig for formal affairs. These wigs were all made of horse hair or cow hair, as human hair was much too expensive. Poor men did not wear wigs, but had their own hair curled. There were wigs for special professions, such as a minister's wig and a judge's wig. The great judge's wig is still worn by the judges of England. Ladies seldom shaved their hair, though Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots did so. Marie Antoinette used her own hair, which was starched, pulled up high, and adorned with feathers. Poison was put into the starch to kill the vermin. Hair arranged in this style was bound up at night. It was taken down and washed every nine weeks, and the day for washing was called 'Opening Day.'

"The art of wig-making," he went on, "was exact and painstaking. Wigs were individually made for each head. The foundation was of net, supported by five springs carefully put in and wrapped with pigskin. Then, before the hair was woven for the wig, the style of headdress was decided on. Wigs were finished by ironing, and were then curled. About once a month they were returned to the peruker for curling.

"Wigs went out of style because of the heavy tax imposed on them. In England, a yearly tax of £210,000 was collected on wigs, so people began to powder their own hair. However, when powder was taxed, this practice also was abandoned."

The barber then showed me about his small shop, where many types of wigs are on display. Part of the room is used as a barber shop, though only customers in Colonial dress are accepted. The shaving chair is only a

plain arm chair with a pad for the neck, but the razors are quite elegant, being made of tortoise shell and silver.

The barber, in the old days, was a dentist and doctor, as well as a wig-maker. In the shop we see the turnkey, used for twisting out teeth, the knives and bleeding bowl used for taking blood from people who were ill.

Next door to the barber shop stands a dignified, large brick residence, one of the most pretentious in Williamsburg. This, we learn, was the "town house" of one of the richest and most influential men in the colony, Philip Ludwell II, of Greenspring. Known today as the Ludwell-Paradise House (combining the names of two former owners) it is not furnished as a residence, but is used as a museum for the collection of American folk art given by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The collection includes a large and fascinating group of paintings made by amateur artists and craftsmen of the nineteenth century. There are portraits, landscapes, and still-life drawings, done without the skill of the trained artist, but quaint, charming, and sincere. While the pieces in this collection are not directly associated with Williamsburg, they might have been the work of the iron-smith, or the barber, or any of the other craftsmen, if they had tried to produce something decorative for their own homes.

Back of the detached kitchen is the entrance to the garden, one of the largest and most beautiful in Williamsburg. And at the end of the garden, facing on quiet and shady Nicholson Street, stands the small but completely furnished carriage house and stable, with horses looking out of their stalls and pigeons circling about. When I visited the stable, colored coachmen in livery were bustling around getting the coach ready for a trip. "Yes, the coaches are for hire at five dollars an hour," one of the men replied to my question, "but they are mostly used to take the hostesses to the buildings where they are on duty, and to bring them home in the afternoon. This blue one here, with the silver trimmings, is a phaeton. It takes four horses to draw it. The old wheels have been replaced, but otherwise it's just as it was built in England in 1765. This other coach is a post chaise. It is drawn by two horses and was built in 1790. It once belonged to the Carroll family of Virginia."

I decided I had better use my legs and not squander five dollars for a coach, so I wandered down peaceful Nicholson Street which, for several blocks, is almost like a country lane. At the east end of it is a steep-roofed brick building with several chimneys. In the yard are strange wooden devices around which a crowd had gathered to stare with amusement at several people locked up in what proved to be the stocks and pillory. An attendant pointed to the pillory and said, "Here men used to be put three hours a day for fifteen days when they were guilty of wife beating. Witches, gossips, and village nags were also put in the pillory. The frame, as you see, has holes for the head and hands."

He opened a heavy door in the high white wall behind him. "These are the cells for criminals and debtors, and this is the court where they were exercised." We looked into a small, sunny courtyard, into which open the doors of four small, dark cells furnished only with straw beds. The two on the right, I learned, were for criminals. Here pirates, horse thieves, burglars, robbers, and murderers were shackled to the floor with long chains until they were hanged. The two cells

(Continued on page 37)



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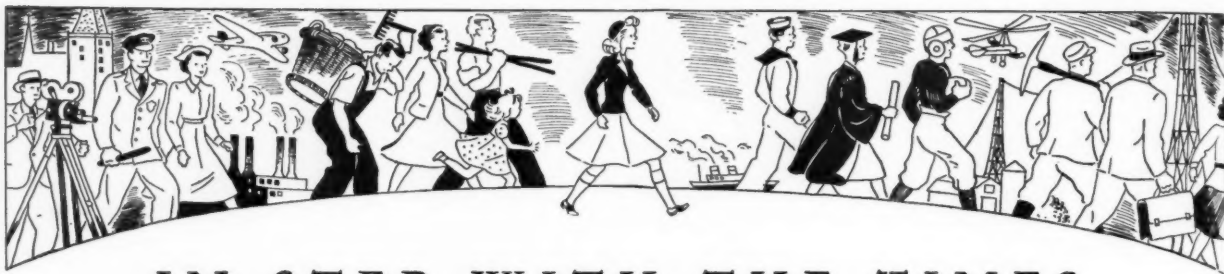
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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

ALASKA STANDS READY

"Alaska is really the key point to the whole Pacific." The late General William Mitchell wrote those words in 1929, and now they hold a more urgent interest than they did when they were written.

Doubtless General Mitchell had in mind the fact that the shortest route between Japan and our West Coast lies along the shores of Alaska form a spearhead which, for much of and also in terms of the Aleutian Islands.

These islands stretching southwest from Alaska form a spearhead which, for much of its length, points at Japan. Our naval base at Dutch Harbor, on one of the Aleutian Islands, is only about twenty-nine hundred miles from Tokyo, whereas the distance from Pearl Harbor to Tokyo is some thirty-nine hundred



miles. Our sailors at Dutch Harbor are only seventeen hundred miles away from enemy sailors at the important Japanese naval base of Paramushiro.

Air-wise people have been pointing out that our fleets of bombers could fly to Japan from bases in the Aleutians. Our bombers could not get back, however, without refueling. If Russia should go to war with Japan, she might offer us flying fields in Siberia—fields where our bombing planes might refuel. No wonder authorities say that Alaska has greater possibilities for the launching of an American offensive than any other region under our flag. Also, it has tremendous value as a rampart of defense. We have been building army bases at Fairbanks and at Anchorage, naval bases at Sitka and Kodiak and Dutch Harbor, and flying fields at many points of the territory. In addition, we have been pouring troops into Alaska.

Moreover, the actual residents of Alaska can back up our northern Army with a formidable, if small, array of men. The "Sourdoughs" of the Arctic have been battling all their lives. They've been fighting for survival in a hard land—a country where winter temperatures can drop as low as sixty or seventy degrees below zero, although vegetation is lush during the short, twenty-four-hour days of summer. Most of them are skilled at liv-

ing off the land. All of them own rifles and know how to use them. If Japs got too thick for comfort, they could retreat into the wilderness and could wage guerrilla warfare for months, or even years. Moose, caribou, reindeer, ptarmigan, and other game would provide them with food.

Though Alaska is big—one fifth the size of the United States—the population is not large. Half of the residents are white, the other half Indians and Eskimos. So the main job of defense would fall on soldiers and sailors from the United States.

Ernest Gruening, Alaska's governor, is optimistic when he talks about defending the huge Territory which cost us so little—we paid Russia \$7,200,000 for it—yet has proved such a source of wealth to us. He likes to stress the point that Alaska's foggy, rock-girt coast is a poor place for Japanese landings, but a good place from which to launch secret attacks on Japan.

To look at Alaska either as a rampart for defense, or as a springboard for offense, is to look at it from a comparatively new angle. Until recently it has been notable for its salmon, its gold, and for the thousands of tourists thronging into it every summer. The tourists marveled at its mountains and its glaciers, bought thousands of picture postcards, and stared up at the totem poles whose carvings depict the history of various Indian families.

Now, instead of tourists, there are soldiers and sailors about. The steamships and the planes that carried men on mining or fishing business, or on pleasure trips, now carry men whose business it is to fight.

The task of hauling men and materials northward will be eased when the Alaskan highway is completed. This long wilderness road will link the United States with Alaska. Uncle Sam's Army Engineers have already started to build it. Its construction, we're told, may take a year—perhaps less. At present, all traffic between the United States and its northern Territory is sea traffic, or air traffic.

From all accounts, the men of Alaska—those who were born there and the uniformed newcomers—are living in expectation of sudden attack. They know that, in the event of attempted invasion, their intimate knowledge of the regions they live in would count heavily in their favor. There is a special technique of wilderness campaigning, of wilderness flying, they say—a technique that the Sourdoughs and the Arctic pilots have been teaching the soldiers, the Army and Navy pilots. If an attack should come, they are sure they can give better than they get. To a man, they are ready to fight.

Editor's Note: This article was written before the Japanese attack on Dutch Harbor.

SHE'S OUT FOR BLOOD

While we have been preparing for battle on foreign fronts, the war on one of our home fronts—the insect front—has been going badly. And quite naturally, since copper, arsenic, and lead—all bug poisons—are needed in both wars. Our chemists, however, are making synthetic insecticides.

There are, roughly, seven thousand sorts of insect pests in the United States. They are accused by experts of causing about two billion dollars worth of damage every year. This putting of the dollar sign on their sins fails to take into account the killing they do. The Number One murderer (see the illustration) is the yellow fever mosquito. She is the lady who busily carried death in the last century. She would bite a fever patient, fly away, then inject the germs into the blood stream of a well person—who did not remain well. Since the male mosquito is not a biter, she labored alone. Her evil work has been practically ended, though, by the draining of the swamps where she deposits her eggs.

Against the malaria mosquito, also, we are said to be more than holding our own. This has been accomplished by ditching, draining, and spraying stagnant waters with oil.

The State of New Jersey, which used to be called "mosquito heaven," has reduced its mosquito-breeding marsh lands by about half, and in some sections of the State the mosquito population has been cut ninety-seven per cent. This fine work has been done for comfort rather than for health since the Jersey mosquito is not a malaria carrier.

Life begins oddly for a mosquito. The first world it knows is a world of water. It emerges from the egg as a larva, a tiny wormlike creature about a quarter of an inch long. It wriggles about for a week or two, then changes



into a pupa, which is mostly a head with big eyes. After several days the pupa's skin cracks, opens, floats, and forms a little raft on which, miraculously, sits a baby mosquito drying its wings.

It may be a male and sip only nectar from flowers. It may be a female and drink blood. So cover up the rain barrel. Don't leave any stagnant water around anywhere. Uncle Sam asks you not to.

WILDLIFE ON PARADE

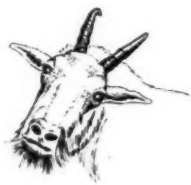
"It's more than a series of animal exhibits—it's also a grand tour of North America." These words, spoken by a recent visitor to the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, hold little exaggeration. For this particular visitor was speaking of the museum's splendid new Hall of North American Mammals.

The exhibits in this hall, like those in the same museum's Akeley African Hall, are worth going a long way to see. Both show panoramic scenes that are the outgrowth of a revolutionary idea in museum exhibiting—an idea that took form in the mind of the late Carl Akeley, some thirty years ago.

In addition to being a naturalist, author, and explorer, Carl Akeley was an animal sculptor. He had found the zoological exhibits of his youth thoroughly depressing, for they showed crudely stuffed animals against backgrounds which had little or nothing to do with the beasts' normal life. He asked himself, "Why not mount a group of animals by fitting their tanned skins over faithfully sculptured *papier maché* models? Then, why not show them in a sort of stage set—a background and foreground reproducing the environment they're normally found in?"

Carl Akeley's answer to these questions was to set to work. He and the other people he inspired built museum exhibits which actually did show animals in "habitat groups"—groups so lifelike that, often, children thought them alive.

Exhibiting animals in their natural poses was, however, only part of the total effect achieved. The artists who composed and



Painted the settings made a point of bringing in, as backgrounds, the scenic wonders of the regions where the animals lived.

Following this method of work, the men who have given us the Hall of North American Mammals have taken pains to show some of our continent's marvels. Thus, beyond the group of mountain lions, we get a breathtaking view of the Grand Canyon. And as a background for the group of white sheep, there rises the superb double summit of Mount McKinley.

The startling Alaska Brown Bear exhibit—showing a sixteen-hundred-pound monster standing on his hind legs—has Alaskan peaks and snow fields for a setting. One of the best of the panoramic views gives us a look at a family of pure-white mountain goats climbing a crag. (Our artist has sketched the most wistful of these goats.)

Decades of preparation and study went into the making of the new exhibits. The gathering of the animals, alone, took a very long time. For example, an outstanding exhibit is a group of musk oxen bagged in 1908 by Robert E. Peary, about seven hundred miles from the North Pole. Even now, some of the panoramic views are still under construction.

When the hall's exhibits are completed, they will be the finest museum showing of North American animals anywhere on earth.

Good Morning!

(OR ISN'T IT?)



EVER wake up in the morning wondering how the day is going to turn out? Whether new triumphs will come your way?

Take last Friday . . . it was *your* day from dawn to dreams. You breezed through First Aid class like a Florence Nightingale. And at the U. S. O. dance, you and Tom, at the piano, were the center of the circle.

But *today* something tells you to crawl back under the covers, quick! It happened last month and the one before. And now, with everything happening . . . you *would* be the one to beat a retreat!

What gets you is why should "difficult days" cause you worries when other girls sail along without a care in the world!

Say "Good Morning" . . . and mean it!

Why not take a tip from the girls who sparkle and shine every day? Ask them and you'll find *most girls* choose Kotex sanitary napkins. They'll tell you that Kotex is *more comfortable*.

Why? . . . because Kotex is made in soft folds that are naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch!

You'll take Kotex for *mental comfort*, too! There's extra confidence and poise in knowing your secret is safe—that the flat, pressed ends of Kotex do away with embarrassing bulges. That a new moisture-resistant "safety shield" gives *added* protection and safety!

Add it all up and you know why Kotex is more popular than all other brands of pads put together. The best proof that Kotex stays soft!

Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree

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'TAIN'T IN TEXT BOOKS!

Where's a girl to get those little intimate hints she needs to know about her "problem"? The new booklet "As One Girl To Another" tells all. Send your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. AG-7, Chicago, Ill., for copy FREE.

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



"NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS, VI—drawn by ORSON LOWELL

Win a prize by naming this Comic. For rules, see page 47. The winner will be announced in September.

WILLIAMSBURG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

at the left were for debtors. Debtors were kept at the expense of the Colony for twenty days, after which the creditors had to pay their fees. These cells were unheated in winter and the only light and air came through the small gratings in the doors.

A stout fellow conducts visitors through the main prison to see the cells for "small offenders" and the keeper's quarters. The keeper's family lived in the Gaol and slept in a large bedroom upstairs. The last and one of the most famous of the keepers was Peter Pelham, who was also a musician. He played the organ at Bruton Church, gave lessons on the spinet and harpsichord, and provided music for theatrical performances. During Peter Pelham's term as keeper, the Revolutionary War was fought and the Gaol was crowded with political prisoners. Sanitary conditions were so bad that death from disease was as common as death from execution.

Not far from the Gaol, in a large open square, stands the magnificent Capitol, the first official building erected in Williamsburg. The architectural design is unique, the two wings and a connecting portico forming a perfect letter H. Above the center of the building rises a handsome cupola with a clock and the arms of Queen Anne, and at the top flies an obsolete flag, the Great Union. The building is of brick and the windows are all of hand-blown glass.

Within the Capitol one may visit the room where the House of Burgesses met for seventy-five years to formulate the laws of the Colony; the Council Chamber where the Governor and the Council met in state; the Conference Room where joint sessions of the two law-making bodies were held; and the General Court, where criminals were tried before being sent to the Gaol.

The interior of the buildings is dignified and impressive. Many of the original furnishings have been returned, including the chair which Queen Anne presented to the House of Burgesses, and the large black "warming machine," a stove on high legs, elaborately adorned with scrolls, which Lord Botetourt ordered from England.

The House of Burgesses is the most significant room in the building, for here occurred the first events leading to the Revolutionary War and the creation of the United States. Here, in 1765, young Patrick Henry made his protest against England's Stamp Act and offered a resolution which greatly influenced all the other thirteen colonies: "Resolved, therefore, That the general assembly of this colony have the sole right and power to lay taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants of this colony; and that every attempt to vest such power in any person or persons whatsoever, other than the general assembly aforesaid, has a manifest tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom."

In March, 1775, a British man-of-war anchored so dangerously close to Williamsburg that the second Virginia Convention removed from the Capitol to St. John's Church, Richmond, and before that august assembly Patrick Henry uttered the immortal words which still ring in the hearts of Americans and hold such truth for oppressed people in the world today: "Is life so dear or Peace so sweet as to be purchased at the Price of Chains and Slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not



Beach Mates

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The ideal mate to your swimsuit, playsuit, slacks and shorts is the Cotton Cardigan in deep surf green. Fleecy lined to absorb moisture, it's warm and light. Small, medium and large sizes. 8-265 - \$1.35.

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WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

BAMBI. Walt Disney has taken Felix Salten's beloved story of a deer and has made a truly beautiful film—full of magic color, chucklesome humor, and tenderness. Bambi's wonder at the world about him is the same wonder we all had when we first turned up our faces to falling snow, and these scenes of Bambi finding himself and the world about him are enchanting. You'll love Thumper, the rabbit, who tells what a butterfly is, and the Wise Old Owl who cautions Bambi against becoming "twitterpated"—which means falling in love! Then, too, there's the forest where Bambi and his animal friends live. Because Disney's artists have achieved a remarkable depth in their pictures, just as a painter does, there is a new feeling of dimension which has not been seen on the screen so far. Over and above all this is the magic of Disney's art which brings us what we need today. (Disney-RKO)



Good

BATTLE CRY OF CHINA. Photographed by Rey Scott on a long and difficult trip through China, this remarkable film shows all China at war. It is a splendid tribute to the ability of the Chinese to produce miracles both of endurance and accomplishment. Especially moving is the patient work of the laborers whose backs have literally supported China's production since the forced evacuation of modern factories. Should be seen, but the war scenes are realistic. (U.A.)

ESCAPE FROM HONG KONG. A rousing melodrama featuring Don Terry, Andy Devine, and Leo Carrillo as vaudeville sharpshooters who rescue a British agent, Marjorie Lord. They escape from the Japs and bring down a few planes. (Univ.)

MISS ANNIE ROONEY. Again Shirley Temple is so far better than her material that one longs for a script writer who can catch her lovely quality of unspoiled youth. Nor is she the only young person in the film who puts the writer and director to shame, for Dickey Moore is nothing short of perfect as a wealthy bookworm being taught how to enjoy himself by Shirley, who combines an adolescent crush on Shaw and Shakespeare with a running-over share of rhythm and romantic notions. Peggy Ryan, too, is deliciously teen-age as Shirley's confidante. (U.A.)

MY FAVORITE SPY. Drafted into the army shortly after his marriage to Ellen Drew, Kay Kyser is soon discharged to do espionage work but isn't allowed to explain his many absences to his puzzled bride. This leads him into strange predicaments with laughable results. (RKO)

NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS. A police lieutenant (Preston Foster) finds himself accused of murder through the folly of his feather-brained wife (Patricia Morison). His rival (Albert Dekker) for a police captaincy makes the most of the compromising situation, but the wife solves the mystery in her own zany way. (Para.)

ONCE UPON A THURSDAY. Marsha Hunt and Richard Carlson, with their engaging playing, lift a light comedy into the warm-hearted class. Marsha is a second maid in a wealthy home who, two years earlier, was married to the son of the family just before his departure on an Arctic expedition. His return with a fiancée (expecting to



SHIRLEY TEMPLE AND DICKEY MOORE, IN "MISS ANNIE ROONEY" (U.A.)

find himself divorced) in the midst of local uproar over a book Marsha has written, which is supposed to reveal family secrets in a number of homes, creates diverting complications. The story, despite its plot, is kept simple and charming. (MGM)

PACIFIC RENDEZVOUS. A slick spy melodrama, with Lee Bowman giving a splendid performance as an officer eager for war service, who is detained in Washington because he is an expert on decoding foreign messages. Jean Rogers is the girl who would like to keep him at a desk job and whose nitwit behavior gets everyone further involved with the spies. (MGM)

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT. In the days when rude barracks and a handful of cadets were about all our Military Academy could boast there was a faction in Congress which wanted to do away with the school entirely. We had the Alleghenies back of us and the ocean in front, what did we need with an army, especially one trained on book learning? So the argument ran, until a compromise was reached whereby the school was given one more year on trial. Whereupon its enemies plotted with the commandant (Laird Cregar) to make the discipline so severe that the gentlemen cadets would all resign and the school automatically go out of existence. From then on the cadets take over the story, particularly George Montgomery as a boy from the frontier and John Sutton as a Virginia aristocrat, both in love with Maureen O'Hara. There are amusing scenes showing the beginnings of such traditions as the army mule, Flirtation Walk, etc. The fictional emphasis on the campaign against Tecumseh and his Indian braves lessens historical interest. (Fox)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

BAMBI

Good

ESCAPE FROM HONG KONG
MISS ANNIE ROONEY
MY FAVORITE SPY
TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT

what Course Others may take, but as for me, give me Liberty or give me Death."*

The restored Capitol, erected on the foundations of the original structure, was opened in 1934 at a joint meeting of the House of Delegates and the Senate of Virginia. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the godfather of the restoration, addressed the law-makers on this occasion and dedicated the Capitol to "those great patriots whose voices once resounded in these great halls, and whose far-seeing wisdom, high courage, and unselfish devotion to the common good will ever be an inspiration to the noble living."

In these words may be found the meaning of Williamsburg and its restoration. For Williamsburg today is a memorial to all the people of Colonial Virginia—early English settlers, Indians, English governors, landed proprietors, tradesmen, teachers, craftsmen, tavern-keepers, law-makers, backwoodsmen, preachers, generals, and soldiers. But above all it honors the great and brave leaders of the Colony—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Patrick Henry—who, to the question, "What do men most desire?" gave the glorious answer, "Liberty."

*Editor's Note: In announcing this article in the June issue, the place of this speech was erroneously given as Williamsburg.

SKY-BLUE TRAILER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

fifteen rides on the Ferris wheel. I figured it out. What am I going to do? I've only got eighteen cents in the world."

"You spent all your money on the merry-go-round at the last fair," reminded Minty.

"I bought some pink cotton candy, too. But that all melted away as fast as the merry-go-round rides. What'll I do?"

"Well, I guess you'll have to take one ride and then stand on the ground and watch Glen ride," said Minty, yawning.

"It's terrible," cried Eggs. "If I'd had any idea that there would be a Ferris wheel!"

There was a sharp rapping on the side of the trailer next to the tent where Pop and Zip slept. Almost immediately afterwards Pop stuck a disheveled head into the window of the trailer. "'Speech is great, but silence is greater,' according to Thomas Carlyle," said Pop. "Let's have a little silence."

"Oh, dear," wailed Eggs, pulling the covers over her head. "Life is hard."

Minty thought drowsily, "Here we are in a trailer—at a fair. Isn't it surprising? We're at Riverview, too. I wonder if Joe Boles got my letter? I hope he did—I hope he comes—" She went to sleep before she finished thinking.

The next day things were going full blast—hawkers shouting, cows lowing, the merry-go-round playing *Somewhere Over the Rainbow*. Hot dogs were frying, popcorn was popping, cotton candy was spinning into pink clouds of sweet nothingness. Arm in arm, Minty and Mary Johnson walked abroad with eyes, ears, and noses taking in everything. Eggs had gone to watch Glen feed and water his bantams, and then she meant to accompany him to the Ferris wheel for the dubious pleasure of watching him ride.

"Come and see my pie first, Minty," said Mary. "It isn't much to look at, but it's fun to know it's mine and to see it exhibited."

The pie was in a glass showcase in the Women's Building. In front of it was a card which said, "Entered by Mary Johnson, age 14. District 5." It had a good position among

apple, cherry, mince, and chocolate cream pies, and the two girls hung over it with admiration and pride.

"Lemon is the hardest kind to enter," said Mary, "because the meringue is apt to go flat, or crack open, or begin o sweat. I'll be awfully lucky if this one lasts out until the judges see it. But it *is* nice now, isn't it?"

"It's beautiful, Mary," said Minty. "Honestly, I'd give it the prize if I was a judge. It makes me hungry to look at it."

"Come over and meet Mama now, Minty. I told her about you."

Mrs. Johnson sat in one of the fancy-work booths with two other farm women. Her fingers were busy with crochet work. She was short and plump and comfortable looking. Minty liked her at once, and she thought, "I believe she was just like Mary, when she was Mary's age." That made her like both Mrs. Johnson and Mary even more, for it gave her the feeling that she must have known them both for about thirty years.

"Mama, show Minty your bedspread," said Mary proudly, when the introductions were over. Mrs. Johnson laughed. She held up the small piece of lace on which she was working. "This is the bedspread for next year's fair," she said.

"Now, Mama," said Mary, "Minty isn't interested in next year's spread. She wants to see the one that's finished."

"Here it is, then," said Mrs. Johnson, hopping out of her chair and lifting the corner of a wonderful cream-colored spread which hung on the wall of the booth.

"Oh," cried Minty, "it's lovely!"

"It's the popcorn stitch," said Mrs. Johnson. "But next year's spread will be even nicer. It's going to be an Irish rose pattern."

"Mis' Johnson had the blue ribbon last year," said one of the other women, "and I think she'll get it again this year."

"Oh, tosh," laughed Mrs. Johnson. "You see, I just make them for my family, really. The one last year was for Oscar's wife, and this year's will be for Mary when she gets married."

"Oh, Mama," said Mary, "I'm never going to get married."

"Don't be silly, Mary," said her mother. "Most girls do, don't they, Minty?"

"I guess they do," said Minty, and she and Mary were glad to escape at that point and go on to see Mr. Johnson's animals.

By afternoon Minty and Eggs were tired out with sights, but there was one thing left which could still intrigue them. Pop had left his books to watch it, and on their way back to the trailer, they joined him.

A kind of scaffolding had been erected at one end of the Midway, with a seat poised precariously over a tank of water. The seat was connected with a target, so that when the target was hit squarely in the middle by a baseball, the seat would suddenly be tipped and the occupant be dumped into the tank of water. Ten cents would buy three balls and three tries at unseating the man who sat, smiling cheerfully, on this uneasy seat. Most of the amateur baseball players in the county were having a shot at him that day, and there was always a crowd of spectators to howl with delight when he went plunging into the tub of water.

Part of the fun seemed to be that the man was apparently never put out of his good temper, but climbed, dripping wet, out of the tank and mounted his insecure seat with the same cheerful grin. His old tan coverall was faded and creased from so many wettings and dryings in the sun, but everybody liked his

face and the good-natured banter which he carried on with his audience.

"By gum," said Pop, looking around at the girls with an admiring glitter in his eye, "that man's a wonder! He's a brick, he is!"

"A ton of brick—by the sound when he splashes into the tank," commented Eggs.

"I don't know what he gets paid for that trick," said Pop, "but whatever it is, he deserves more. I'm going to invite that fella to eat pancakes with us to-night."

"Oh, Pop! Goody!" cried the girls.

"Yes, sir. Nothing's too good for a man who'll take ten duckings in an hour and still come up smiling."

When Pop's hospitality was aroused, nothing could stop him; and the next time the smiling man plunged into the tub, Pop went around to the back and spoke to him through the netting which was hung up to catch stray balls. The girls could see Pop and the man talking together before the man climbed up again into his seat. His grin was broader than ever this time, and Pop was smiling, too, when he rejoined the girls.

"Sure he'll come," said Pop. "His name's Steve, and he says he's crazy about pancakes. Only one thing—he wouldn't accept until he found out if he could bring his daughter with him."

"Daughter?" said Eggs. "Does he have a daughter?"

"Goodness! I'd better go home and tidy up the trailer," said Minty.

"There's a nice moon," said Pop. "We'll have a campfire, and I'll make the pancakes out of doors. You get a big pot of coffee, and some cocoa for you kids, ready on the trailer stove and we'll have a party."

"I wonder what his daughter will be like," said Minty, as she and Eggs went to make preparations.

"I'll bet she's a mermaid," said Eggs.

But if she had come out of the sea with fins and a scaly green tail, the girls could not have been more surprised than they were by Steve's daughter. Steve himself appeared promptly, with his hair slicked wetly back, dressed in a dry coverall, and behind him, mincing along with an affected air of good breeding—who but the Wildcat!

Minty gave an involuntary gasp of dismay, and Zip hurriedly put away his paints. "Who invited her here?"

"Well, Pop invited her father," explained Minty in a whisper. "We didn't even know she was at Riverview."

"Oh, gosh," complained Eggs.

"I want you folks to meet my daughter, Sadie," said Steve.

"Ha-ow do you do?" said the girl in a high, affected voice, as if she had never seen any of them before. Her dirty pink skirt was pinned together with a safety pin where the button had come off the waistband, but she had an imitation diamond clip in her red hair. It was easy to see that in her own mind she was behaving like a duchess.

"Well, it's nice to see you again," said Minty lamely. "We didn't know you were here."

"Have we met before?" asked Wildcat, lifting her eyebrows and crooking her little finger in a very agony of theatrical gentility. "I cawn't seem to remember. We meet so many people."

"Do you go to all the fairs?"

"Oh, we're just on our way to Hollywood, you see. Fawther's doctor has ordered him to take the water treatment, and this seemed such an interesting way of doing it."

(Continued on page 41)



**What is the matter
With gadabout Gwen?
Moping in bed
Though it's way past ten!**

Even if it is one of those "certain days," don't waste it moping. Take a tip about keeping comfortable from that amazing 3-out-of-4 verdict...



**Gwen be clever!
Gwen be wise!
3-out-of-4 ought to
Open your eyes!**

"Modess is softer!" voted 3 out of every 4 women in a nationwide test. So try Modess. See if this fluff-type napkin doesn't give you lots more comfort! Get a box today!

★

**Regular size or Junior—yes,
Take your pick when you buy Modess!**

3 out of every 4 voted

**Modess
softer**



GOOD TIMES *with* BOOKS



BOOKS are weapons in the war of ideas," and publishers have not ignored the opportunity to give young people, as well as adult readers, books interpreting the war and the American way of life.

HERE are two which are especially interesting in connection with the struggle in the Pacific. Helen Follett's *Ocean Outposts* (Scribner's, \$2), with its many maps and beautiful photographs of the Pacific islands, makes these faraway places—that have suddenly become so important—very clear and real to us. The descriptions of the islands, their people, their customs, and something of their history—how they came to belong to the countries that owned them and what makes them such a rich prize—contribute much to our understanding.

Francis Trevelyan Miller has written the life story of *General Douglas MacArthur* (Winston, \$1.35), based on private family documents and extensive research in official records. General MacArthur—son of Major General Arthur MacArthur, hero of three wars—graduated at the head of his class at West Point; went into action with his men as Chief of Staff of the Rainbow Division in France; was twice wounded and once gassed; became the youngest Brigadier General and the youngest Chief of Staff of the United States Army, Grand Field Marshal of the Philippines, and the hero of Bataan. Besides the spectacular story of this American hero, there is much interesting material on the defense of the Philippines, together with high lights on the history of the United States with which the MacArthurs have been so closely connected, and a summary of the present war.

In connection with military affairs, another Scribner book, *Insignia of the Services*, by Paul Brown (\$1.50) will be of immense help to civilians in recognizing the rank, grade, and branch of service of a man in uniform. With numerous drawings



and a brief explanatory text, Mr. Brown enables the inexperienced person to distinguish between a First Sergeant in the cavalry who has had six years of service and been twice wounded from a Major General who has served a year and six months in World War I. After studying *Insignia of the Services*, you might invent a game to see how much you can tell about the next man in uniform whom you pass on the street.

Art books for young people are especially important in these days when America is more and more becoming the guardian of the artistic heritage of the world. Katharine Gibson's *Pictures to Grow Up With* (Studio, \$3) is a notable art book which, although designed for young people, will not lose its value after its readers are grown up. It is lavishly illustrated with a hundred and fourteen black-and-white prints and eight color prints. The pictures are the work of men and women of many lands



Last in Chipmunk
A drawing by Nils Hogner from
"The Animal Book" (Oxford)

throughout the ages—from a Chinese artist of the twelfth century to living Americans. The beautiful illustrations are grouped under seven headings, such as "The Book of Small Animals," "The Book of Young People," "The Book of Fets and Amusements," etc., with a short introduction to each in which the author brings out the special qualities of the paintings. An index of the artists with dates and nationalities is a valuable feature.

Edwin Way Teale's *Byways to Adventure* (Dodd, \$2.75) is a friendly guide to rewarding nature hobbies—birds, weather, stars, insects, shells, snakes, trees, plants, the wonderland of the microscope, rocks, animals, fossils, the underwater world, conservation, and nature photography. Mr. Teale tells of amateurs who have become famous for valuable contributions in their respective fields; of opportunities for scientific research which may await the hobbyist; and of necessary equipment, some of which may be made easily and cheaply at home. The author's beautiful photographs illustrate the book, which will be especially interesting to Girl Scouts.

Nils and Dorothy Hogner, whose work has been so much enjoyed in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, have collaborated on a book which should prove irresistible to animal lovers. *The Animal Book* (Oxford, \$3.50) is a handbook of a hundred and seventy or so American mammals, from cats to coatis, found north of Mexico. Years of first-hand study and much research have gone into the book. Over a hundred of Nils Hogner's drawings, illustrating the animals described in the text, add to the value and beauty of the volume. It should make a fine reference book for camp and troop libraries.

Readers whose hobby is chemistry will enjoy *This Chemical Age, the Miracle of Man-Made Materials* by Williams Haynes (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.50). This is the fascinating story of the research, discovery, invention, and industrial development behind Nylon, rayon, Cellophane, synthetic rubber, fast-drying paints, gay dyes from coal, perfumes out of test tubes, and the life-saving sulfa drugs. Older readers will find this book, with its striking illustrations in color, intensely interesting and not too technical.

"Let's have more articles and stories about flying and nursing," clamor the letters received by *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, so *Wider Wings* by Patricia O'Malley (Greystone, \$2) and *Kate Russell, Wartime Nurse* by Martha Johnson (Crowell, \$2) ought to have an enthusiastic reception. The first is a

by


MARJORIE CINTA

sequel to *Wings for Carol* (Greystone, \$2), the story of the training and experiences of an air hostess. In the new book, Carol takes a different job, organizing the air hostess service of a Texas airline. The days are too full for all that the new Chief Stewardess tries to squeeze into them, but because it is work she loves, she thrives on it. There is time, however, for an occasional party whenever a certain young Army pilot drops down at the airport—and there is Grant Lowrie, the radio engineer, who manages to get down to Texas now and then while waiting for Carol to make up her mind to marry him. Carol and her friends are likable young people and the aviation background is authentic, for the author's whole life has been connected with flying.

Kate Russell, Wartime Nurse is the story of a pretty, popular graduate nurse who wants her profession to mean the widest possible service to humanity. When she is called to serve in surgery, she finds she must work under a young Englishman, Dr. David Robertson, who is reputed to be something of an ogre. Kate is both attracted and annoyed by this young man. A speech of his gives her a thrilling picture of what nurses can do in war-torn countries, and, shortly afterward, she is called by the Red Cross for duty in a flooded area. She goes through unreal days and nights of back-breaking work and comes through with flying colors. Her excellent record makes her acceptable for a place in the Harvard Medical Unit of the Red Cross, going to work in England. On the freighter in which she and another nurse are crossing the ocean, Kate is delighted to find Dr. Robertson a fellow passenger. An exciting trip through submarine-infested waters, the torpedoing of the freighter, harrowing days in a life boat and long-delayed rescue leave the couple sure of each other and of what to do with their lives.

Kathryn Worth—whose story, *The Middle Button* (Doubleday, \$2) was awarded Honorable Mention in the Spring Festival Herald Tribune Contest last year—has created another endearing character in Martitia Howland, the long-ago heroine of *They Loved to Laugh* (Doubleday, \$2), which has been given Honorable Mention in this year's contest. Though Martitia was sixteen, she was very small—and when Dr. David Gardner brought her home to his hospitable Quaker household in North Carolina, she was grief-stricken by her mother's recent death which left her alone in the world. It is no wonder that Dr. David's five big sons, full of teasing pranks and laughter, were almost overwhelming. Martitia's tiny hands were trained for no harder tasks than painting pictures or playing the spinet. Ruth, the only Gardner daughter, was almost as capable as her mother in cooking, cleaning, churning, and other tasks of the pioneer household. She believed that "every tub should stand on its own bottom" and her scorn of Martitia was outspoken. Martitia loved Dr. David and his kind wife, Eunice, and wanted desperately to be worthy to be a Gardner daughter, especially when her

grasping uncle threatened to take her away. How she won Ruth's whole-hearted respect; proved her right to a place in that fine Quaker home; learned to laugh at last even with Jonathan who, though he frightened her most at first, had a special place in her heart; and finally became in very truth a Gardner daughter makes a delightful story of American life in the 1830's.

 **Canyon of No Sunset** by Anne Turngren (Nelson, \$2), set in the canyons and mesas of the beautiful Arizona desert country, is the story of a group of attractive young people. Cap, short for Caprice, expected the ranch where she and her brother, Tod, were to spend a quiet summer with Sam Dickery and his family, to be a sheep or cattle farm where she and Tod might help with the chores. Instead she found no actual ranching done at the well staffed Dickery establishment where two large and luxurious houses, exactly alike, faced each other in the beautiful gardens. But one of the houses was deserted and kept under lock and key. There was something strange, too, in the behavior of the good-looking older Dickerys, Isobel and Marcus. From the very first, Cap could not resist poking her nose into the mystery, though Marcus warned her not to meddle in other people's business. But he was glad enough of Cap's help before the riddle was solved and the gloom lifted.

SKY-BLUE TRAILER

"Come off your high horse, Sadie," said Steve. "Can't you see these are real nice people?"

"Fawther, I cawn't imagine what you mean," said Sadie, giving him a cold and haughty look, and passing her hand languidly over her hair.

"Here," said Pop. "Maybe a pancake inside her will help some."

"Pawncakes," exclaimed Sadie. "I thought one served those things for breakfast." But she ate them with relish, nevertheless, and even forgot the crook in her little finger by the time she reached her fourth.

Minty was too busy seeing that everyone was served to say any more to Wildcat, and for the first few moments Eggs and Zip were incapable of speech.

"These sure are wonderful pancakes," said Steve. "I never tasted better."

"I guess all those duckings gave you a good appetite," chuckled Pop.

"I'll say!"

"Of course it's such a change for us, having pawncakes," said Sadie. "After so much chicken and cawviar, they're quite a novelty."


"You seem to be stowing 'em away, Sister," remarked Zip realistically.


"I have to think about my figure, of course," said Wildcat, putting aside her plate with an elegant air of distaste. "I have a contract waiting for me when I get to Hollywood. They're looking for someone a little more unusual than Deanna Durbin, and they think I'll do."

"Wildcat, you're making that up," said Zip.

"Don't pay no attention to her," said her father. His usually cheerful face had clouded over. "We're just ordinary folks, but she likes to play-act."

"Fawther, how can you?" said Sadie in the same mincing voice, but Minty, who was watching, saw the red rising behind the girl's ears as it had the day she had tried to paint the picture.

 In **Missee Lee** (Macmillan, \$2.50), Arthur Ransome's well known young people, the Swallows and Amazons, have spectacular adventures far from home. They are cruising leisurely around the world with Captain Flint when they are shipwrecked in the China seas. Captured by pirates, they are taken before the twenty-two-gun Taicoon, the dreaded and sinister Missee Lee. As prisoners of this mysterious Chinese pirate, they are set a most unexpected task, and have fantastic and hilarious adventures before they are able to make their escape and sail again for home. This is the most exciting of the Ransome books, and one of the liveliest and most amusing of adventure stories for young people.

 Younger readers will enjoy **Houseboat Summer** (Macmillan, \$1.75) by Elizabeth Coatsworth, author of "Riding Lucy Lee" in this issue. Sober, quiet Bill and his gay little sister, Sandy, spend their first summer in Maine with an aunt and uncle whom they have never seen—and a very happy summer it proves to be! To begin with, it is fun to live on a boat (immediately christened the *Ark*), anchored in a quiet cove of a wooded lake. There are the animals on a neighboring farm to make friends with, the woods to explore, and the lake for swimming and canoeing. Miss Coatsworth's charming poems precede each chapter, and the lovely Damascotta region of Maine is vividly described.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

"Her mother was a play-actor," went on Steve apologetically, "and she ran off an' left us when Sadie was little. The kid's had to grow up any way she could. She don't mean to lie. It's all play-actin' with her, just like it was with her mother."

Minty could see the furious red tide sweeping up Sadie's face, and wanted to stop them before the volcano erupted. But Zip had to have his say, too.

"You should have trained her better, Steve," he said. "Too bad you didn't lick it out of her when she was little."

"I done the best I could," said Steve, "but she's sure a little hellion."

"Oh!" cried Wildcat. "Oh, Oh!" Her voice was rising to a scream. Next thing, thought Minty, the pancake batter would be in the fire and half the dishes broken if somebody didn't act quickly. She stepped up behind the strange girl and slid an arm through hers.

"There's something I want to show you," Minty said. "Don't mind those men folks. You have to get used to the way they talk. Come into the trailer, quick, and let me show you what I made myself this summer."

"Clothes?" asked Wildcat. Her face was still red with anger, but Minty had interested her in spite of herself.

"A green velveteen suit," said Minty hurriedly. She hadn't really meant to show that, but it was the only thing she could think of on the spur of the moment. "Come on."

Wildcat threw an angry glance at Zip and her father, but to Minty's pleased surprise, she followed into the trailer with no further outburst. She looked all around the main room of the trailer, when Minty turned on the light, and Minty could see that she was impressed.

"Quite a little dump you got here," said Wildcat, dropping the grand lady voice.

"We're crazy about it," said Minty. "Of (Continued on page 43)

STAY-AT-HOMES Can Have Fun!

It's patriotic to stay at home this year. Gas and rubber shortages have put a veto on motor trips; train travel, because of troop movements, is being discouraged for people who are just going on pleasure visits. But cheer up! Stay-at-homes can have fun, as well as satisfaction in knowing they are helping their country. Back-yard picnics, lawn parties, games you can play at home without having to use up precious gas or burn up rubber on the roads—suggestions for all of these will appear in future issues of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Here are some games that are fun:

You don't need any explanation for the games called "icebreakers." You know they help start a party off with a bang, and break down shyness and reserve. FARMYARD is a good icebreaker, noisy and hilarious. Play it outdoors, though it can be played in a large room indoors if the weather is bad. Divide your group into teams of four or more. Each team chooses the name of an animal that is easy and amusing to imitate. Then everyone is blindfolded and should scatter about the yard or room. At a signal the animals start making their own noises to attract other members of their own tribe. For instance the "ducks" start quacking, as they move around. If they hear other quacks they make for that direction. When two "ducks" meet, they take hands and seek other quackers. The first tribe to meet wins the game.

If you're tired from quacking and laughing and the ice is sufficiently broken, why not play the game called GOSSIP? Players sit around in a circle. The leader begins the game by whispering a sentence to the player on her right. The second person repeats it to the third exactly as she hears it, and so on around the circle back to the leader. The sentence must never be spoken more than once to each player, who must listen carefully. You'll be surprised at the way the sentence turns out after it has been whispered around the circle. The sentence that returns has never been known to be the same as the one that started!

When you feel like a game with more action in it, try ELIZA CROSSING THE ICE. Divide your group into teams and equip each team with two sheets of newspaper folded in four. You play this game as a relay. The folded papers represent cakes of ice and at the word, "Go!" the first person of each team puts one piece down in front of her and steps on it with one foot, puts the other piece down a little ahead and steps on that. Then she reaches back for the first piece of paper while balanced on her forward foot, puts that piece in front of her and swings her free foot forward to it. She keeps repeating the process until she has gone around a given object and back to touch off the next person in her team. The first team finished wins. If a girl puts her foot down on the floor or ground (into the river) she is out (drowned) unless her team throws her a bowline and saves her, so that she may begin over again. She cannot shuffle along on the two papers, but must reach back, get the paper, and step forward each time.

Selected by permission from "Games for Girl Scouts," published by Girl Scouts, Inc.

GAY AND YOUNG WARDROBE FOR SUMMER



889—A dress you'll adore in either version. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. Size 16 (34) short version, bodice requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 35-inch material, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yds. for skirt. Long version, skirt, $5\frac{3}{8}$ yds. plus ruffling. **Price 15c.**

896—Printed dress with solid-color waistcoat. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. Size 16 (34) dress requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 39-inch printed material; waistcoat, $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. 54-inch. **Price 25c.**

891—A pinafore and bonnet. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. Size 16 (34) requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yds. 35-inch material; eyelet edging. **Price 15c.**

867—Crochet your own hat and bag and wear them with this well tailored suit-dress. Yardage on pattern envelope. Crochet instructions included. **Price 15c.**

903—Culottes with smartly stitched pleats for cycling, or summer sports. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. Size 16 (34) culottes require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 35-inch material (with nap), blouse, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 35-inch material. **Price 15c.**

These Hollywood Patterns, especially selected for readers of this magazine, may be purchased through THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 E. 44th Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to state size when ordering. Allow two weeks for delivery.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

course it isn't ours. It's Zip's, but we're staying with him for a couple of weeks."

"I thought you had something to show me."

"Well I have," said Minty. "It's here."

From under one of the bunks she drew her precious suit box. She opened the lid and lifted the tissue paper. Wildcat leaned forward, a sudden flame of interest lighting her scornful eyes.

"Where'd you get that?" she asked.

"I made it myself," said Minty, not without pride. She shook the green velvet suit out of the tissue paper and held it up for Wildcat to see. She took out the matching cap and smoothed the feather.

"Jiminy!" exclaimed Wildcat, touching the material with her fingers as if the feel of it gave her pleasure. "You made that yourself? You aren't lying?"

"I don't lie," replied Minty, with dignity. "Lying always seems to me kind of dumb. Someone's sure to find you out and it makes you uncomfortable while you do it."

"It doesn't make me uncomfortable," said Wildcat. "It's like putting on a fine new dress. It makes me feel like something I'm

SKY-BLUE TRAILER

not. I've got such big wants in me and no way to satisfy 'em but that."

Minty hadn't any answer. She stood with the velvet cap in her hands, looking at the trailer floor. She knew what it was to have big wants that were hard to satisfy, but it didn't sound like much to tell this girl that she knew lying wouldn't help. Wildcat, however, was more interested in clothes than in moral issues. "Let me try 'em on," she begged.

Minty hesitated. "Well," she said, "if you're awfully careful."

Like a flash Wildcat was out of her untidy skirt and had slipped on Minty's new one. It was wonderful what the change of clothing did for her. Minty couldn't help exclaiming at the transformation. The cap was lovely, too, on Sadie's red hair.

"You're such a beauty," said Minty. "I guess they look better on you than they do on me. Only you ought to cut your bangs a little and keep your fingernails clean."

Sadie paraded back and forth in front of the little mirror in the trailer. She was enormously pleased with her reflection.

"Gosh," she said, "you're right. I guess

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Deanna Durbin isn't in it with me if I had some clothes—and money—but honest, it isn't play-acting I want. I'd like some paints like that Zip has."

"Please take the suit off now," said Minty. "I'm keeping it nice for school."

"School?" said Sadie. "You're not fooling around with school any more, are you?" She laughed and pulled off hat and jacket. "You must be crazy." She pulled off the skirt and flung it down while she resumed her proud.

"No, I'm not crazy," said Minty proudly. "I'm going to regular high school this fall, just like everybody else."

Sadie gave a wild laugh. "Oh, what a silly!" she cried and ran out of the trailer. Her laughter still echoed in Minty's ears above the music of the merry-go-round.

Minty picked up the suit, shaking it and folding it with painstaking care. An altogether unaccountable sense of disappointment filled her. "I thought I felt sorry for her," she said to herself. "But I don't think so any more. I wish I hadn't let her try on my suit. I never meant anyone to put it on but me."

(To be continued)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

spouse for a second nesting. And plenty of food had overcome the original resentment between these two broods.

All this time Old Cranky, sober under the weight of his family responsibilities, had been coming in at our call to feed, and to carry away to his brooding mate large pieces of bread. It may have been familiarity with the mallards, or the fact that they so greatly outnumbered him, but in any event his manners had improved so much that during the final days of brooding we agreed to let bygones be bygones and acquired a real fondness for the cranky coot.

One day, figuring it was about hatching time, I waded out toward the coot nest, hoping to get a picture of Mrs. Coot and her red-headed offspring. This was too much for Old Cranky. When I got within a few feet of the nest, he met me with the fury of a falcon. Head down, he rushed over the water, beat my legs with his futile little wings, pecking viciously, tooting and clacking loud coot expletives. I lost no time recording his attack on film. I did contrive to get a shot of Mrs. Coot sitting for a portrait, but the redheaded chicks had not yet arrived. And when they did break through, their parents sneaked them away from the nest before we knew it.

Weeks of studying this coot family had completely disarmed us. In no other species of water fowl have I ever seen devotion and industry to equal that of the coot. Unlike the mallard ducklings, the newly hatched coots do not feed themselves. Until they are half the size of their parents, these well disciplined infants eat only from their parents' bills. And during the first two weeks of their lives, they are rarely permitted to show themselves out of the grasses into which their orange neck-frills and membranous red heads melt like so much water rush. If ever a photographer gets a close-up of baby coots, as I have seen them out of lens range, taking tidbits from the bills of mother and father and obeying instantly their slightest command, it will be a major photographic achievement; and I believe that it will be accomplished only by the system of remote control.

MRS. MALLARD and MRS. COOT Have Their Pictures Taken

The fact is, I take most of my wild-life pictures by remote control, and this does not mean that you must get a lot of paraphernalia such as batteries, wires, and intricate and expensive gadgets to do the trick. What you need is a bit of ingenuity and a string. Attaching the string to the camera in such a way that a light pull will release the shutter will make you exercise your inventive genius, as the type of release on your camera will determine the manner of attaching the string to trip the shutter.

On the camera I use for field work (a Contessa Nettel, 2/4 by 3/4, F 4.5, focal plane shutter 1/10th to 1/1200th speed) the shutter release is not readily adapted to a string. It has a cable release which fits into a plunger on the edge of the camera. With the cable removed, one presses the plunger to release the shutter. And it is not easy to press with a string. So I made a narrow band from a piece of brass (1/2 inch wide), welded a piece of clock spring to it and then riveted on a trigger in such a way as to hold up the spring. To the trigger I attached an ordinary level-winding trout line of which there is 200 feet neatly wound on a standard trout reel. A pull on the trigger so light as not to jar the camera releases the spring which slaps down onto the plunger—and, presto! a picture is recorded with the photographer as far from the camera as he may wish.

There are several good features about this arrangement. It costs only a few cents and can be adjusted in a few seconds. Once you've figured out and attached your own remote control, you will need a sturdy tripod. And the next step is the setup.

Let us suppose you have been lucky enough to find a nesting coot. The nest will be in the reeds of the shallows, and the chances are you can reach it on dry land, or at the worst with wading boots. It is best not to approach the nest until you are sure the mother coot is brooding. But all the time you are watching, you can be studying the situation, watching the changing light to determine the best hour for a shot, or the best position in any light. If possible, it would help to try to gain the

confidence of the mother with offerings of bread, or grain.

When the great day arrives upon which your careful morning visit informs you that the chicks are breaking their shells, you will know just the spot and the position in which to set up your camera quickly and without unduly disturbing the mother. By watching the mother when she leaves the nest each day, you will know the path by which she will lead her chicks to water; and you should have your camera focused upon the spot where the chicks will enter it. You are using fast pan film, so you can stop down to F 16, which will give you detail over a greater area. A hundredth of a second will be fast enough, and if the sun is bright, your meter will say OK.

Now, having set your trigger, take the string in your hand and slip away ten or fifteen yards to your blind among the reeds, but watch to avoid snagging the string upon grasses or twigs. If you are well hidden, the mother coot will not be afraid of your camera. A bird rarely shows fear of a still object.

Your supreme test comes now. If you do not grow tired or impatient, you will be well rewarded. Mrs. Coot will tell you when to pull the string. And if you get a shot of the baby coots taking their first bath, you will have beaten all the experts.

But if you have taken the trouble simply to prepare for this picture, you will have learned many interesting facts about the coot family. I was surprised to find that the parents, both of whom work constantly at feeding the chicks, can and do distinguish between them. I have seen the mother swim up to a chick clamoring for the food in her mouth, take one good look at the infant, then turn her head and hunt out another to feed. Although the whole family is now quiet to answer our dinner call, the great slatey-gray babies still beg their parents to feed them, and will stop picking bits of rolled oats off the water to snatch a bit from their parents' bills. The family affection and loyalty among them are so marked that it would not surprise me to learn that the coot mates for life.



A penny for your thoughts



RIDING IS FUN

GLEN ROCK, NEW JERSEY: I am twelve years old. I live in a town which is four square miles in size. It contains five thousand people.

I have subscribed to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years and have enjoyed the magazine immensely.

One of my hobbies is horseback riding. I ride every Monday afternoon, if the weather permits. Our riding instructor meets us at school in a station wagon and drives us to the stables. We then select our mounts and ride for an hour on the trail. My favorite is a small black horse by the name of Major. I expect to try my luck at the Horsewoman badge this spring.

My second hobby is sketching in pencil. My best subject is animals, particularly horses.

The third hobby is collecting miniature horses of all kinds, from frail glass to cast iron. I have fifty in all, one of which I modeled out of clay. As you can well imagine, I am crazy about horses.

I wish you would print more Western stories and animal stories in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. If these were added, I could truthfully say *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has everything a girl could ask for.

Laura Jean Bogert

GOING TO HORSE SHOWS

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA: Three cheers for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—I think it's swell! I haven't any favorite characters because I like them all so very much.

I've got something in common with Norma Kezertee and all the other girls who love horses. You see, my dad trains show horses, mostly hunters and jumpers. I'm going on the horse show circuit with him this summer and I can't think of anything that could be more fun. You travel all over, staying at different cities where the shows are to be held, from four days to two weeks. Everybody is very informal and friendly. You get up early in the morning to work your horses—and after that sometimes you catch some sleep and sometimes you don't. In the afternoon there is usually a matinee, or races, and then there is a horse show at night—although this year I doubt if there will be many night shows because of the war; there will probably be many more matinees. We travel in a big truck in which we haul the horses.

I love to jump, and I will ride in some of the shows this summer. Besides riding, I like to write poems and stories and essays.

I am blonde, I have blue eyes, I am five feet tall and weigh ninety-eight pounds. I was fourteen on May twentieth.

As a last word, I'd like to say hurray for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and long may it continue to bring so much pleasure and knowledge to so many!

Shirley Rousseau

IT'S NEAT

MARINETTE, WISCONSIN: I am a Girl Scout, and have been for about two years. We are doing Red Cross work and first aid. I belong to the Park School Troop (the school I go to). I have a Girl Scout uniform.

I have a dog, her name is Pal; I also have a bird, his name is Napoleon. I used to have some fish, but they all died.

My ambition is to become a nurse, or a horse trainer. You see doctoring and nursing have just sort of been in our family all the time. My grandfather and grandmother used to sort of run the old hospital. Then my aunt was head of the nurses there. My uncle and father are both doctors, my cousin is a doctor now, and one of my brothers is working to be one.

My favorite sports are horseback riding (which I just love) swimming, skating, and sailing.

I sure do hope I will be able to keep on getting *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I think it's neat.

Jeanne Boren

AN ENERGETIC TOWN

BELLINGHAM, MINNESOTA: I'm a Second Class Scout in the Golden Gopher Troop No. 1 in Bellingham, Minnesota. This is our first year of Scouting. Miss Jean Swanson, our troop leader, is wonderful. We couldn't wish for a better leader. I guess all Girl Scouts think the same about their leader.

There are twenty-five girls in our troop. We are divided into three patrols. I'm in patrol No. III. Five of us are Second Class Girl Scouts and all the rest are Tenderfoots.

We are collecting paper for National Defense. We have twenty-four hundred pounds of paper. I think that is wonderful for a town of three hundred and fifty-nine people. We are very small. Everyone co-operates with us.

My father, being Mayor, is doing every thing he can to promote the organizing of more Scouts (Brownies).

I've just four copies of *THE AMERICAN*

GIRL, but enjoy them more and more. I like to read continued stories. It gives you something to look forward to.

I have a brother nineteen and a sister five. I'm fifteen and a freshman in the Bellingham Public School. Our school isn't big. We have two large buses going for children every morning. We have more children in school than in town.

Once a month we have P.T.A. (Parent-Teachers Association). This is very well attended.

I started school in Bellingham and hope to finish here. We have an excellent basketball team. We only lost three games out of thirteen.

Ruth Roehl

MOUNTAINS

MORENCI, ARIZONA: I've taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years and I think it's swell. Lucy Ellen and Bushy and Lofty are my favorite characters.

I'm fourteen years old and in the eighth grade. My father is superintendent of all the schools in Morenci. I play the flute in the school band and I love it. I think John Philip Sousa wrote the best marches and we always play them.

In the part of Arizona where I live there are lots of beautiful mountains surrounding us. You can stand on our front porch and look down the valley, and you'll see the most gorgeous mountains. The desert in the dawn and at twilight is a very beautiful sight.

Morenci has the next to the tallest smoke stack in the world—the tallest one is in Japan. Morenci also has a large open pit mine which is one of the largest in the country.

It is a very queer little town of about four thousand. It is built on many mountains. I like the mountains better than a city, or any place that is flat, and I suppose that's because I was born here in the mountains of Arizona.

I'm a Girl Scout and have been for some time—three years, to be exact. I enjoy it very much. My hobby used to be collecting foreign dolls, but it's hard to get them now. I have a cat named Chessie. She's just a ten-pound alley cat, but she's very pretty. She has had twenty-one kittens altogether, and as nearly as we can tell she has lost eight and a half of her nine lives.

My favorite kind of stories are mysteries especially the scary ones, so please have some in the near future.

Elizabeth Fairbank

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City

HOW FIRE was BROUGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Nana-bo-jou watching for Buzzard's return.

They did not have long to wait. A black speck appeared in the distance, and rapidly grew larger and larger as it approached. Even afar off, they recognized Buzzard's form and characteristic flight. But when he alighted in their midst, they were amazed at his changed coloring. The brown feathers of his body had all turned black; his head was entirely bare of feathers and red with blood.

"My brothers," he said sadly, as soon as their exclamations of dismay had died away, "I flew to the sunset end of the world, and waited. I saw the Sun approaching and I felt sure he would be so exhausted that his heat would not be too terrible. I started to fly right up to him and snatch a bit of Fire. It grew hotter and hotter as I went, until I was forced to turn and flee just as he darted down into a hole at the end of the world."

"Too bad, too bad!" sighed Nana-bo-jou, "but you did your best and we are grateful."

Again he scanned the assembled group and finally announced, "I appoint Humming Bird to go to the Sun and try to bring Fire back to us. Buzzard is so big that perhaps the Sun saw him far off. Are you willing to try, Humming Bird?"

"Yes, Nana-bo-jou, I will be glad to give my life, if I need be." And away Humming Bird shot into the air.

It was late the next day before he returned to his waiting friends. All eyes were turned on him as he told the tale of his adventure.

"I went to the hole Brother Buzzard told us about. I waited until the Sun had dived in and was lost to sight. But because I am so tiny, I was able to squeeze in behind him. I hid in a corner and waited, hoping he would go to sleep. But he seemed troubled. He sat in silence for many minutes, and then he began to talk aloud, although there was no one else present. I listened and I heard him say that he was beginning to fear some bird or animal would succeed in getting some of his power to take back to Earth. He wondered what he could do. Finally he decided that he would not come out for a long time, hoping the birds and animals would give up the quest. But he could not keep all of his light down in that hole, or it would get too bright there and perhaps the hole would burn up. So he called the Star-Women who live by the elderberry tree in the East. They came, and he told them he would give them sparks of his power to care for until further notice."

"I listened and watched, very careful to be so still that none would suspect my presence. Then, as the Star-Women left, each carrying a tiny spark of the Sun, I crept out of the hole to follow."

"When the Star-Women were out and away, far from the protection of the Sun himself, they sat down to rest. They placed their glowing embers in a pile to one side. I crept to the spot and pulled out one faint little point of light. I tucked it under my chin and fled."

"Soon after, the Star-Women were ready to start again on their journey back to the elderberry tree in the East. When they took up their sparks, they discovered that one was missing and they were fearful of the anger of the Sun. They set out in pursuit. Before long I could hear them close behind me and I could see the glow of each dot of light."

"I put every ounce of energy into my flying, but they gained quickly. When I saw that they were sure to catch me, I lifted my head and the tiny ember under my chin fell to the

ground below. They all dived after it, and I escaped. But my poor little throat is so sore—all burned red from carrying that bit of fire so long!"

"Well done, Humming Bird," smiled Nana-bo-jou. "As a reward for your daring, you will keep the beautiful gleam under your chin for all time, but the pain of the burning will pass away forever."

Nana-bo-jou had hardly finished speaking when Rabbit jumped up. "Nana-bo-jou, let me go. We must hurry if we are to get this Fire before the Sun takes it back. I have an idea. Let me try."

"By all means, Rabbit," agreed Nana-bo-jou. "The best of luck to you!"

Away hopped Rabbit, all aglow with enthusiasm. He traveled far and long, until he came within sight of the elderberry tree. He stood at a distance to see what was going on.

The Star-Women had placed their sparks in the center of a large circle, and were arranging a great dance.

Now Rabbit was a good dancer himself, so he decided that here was his chance. He decked himself gaily with the bright leaves of the forest. He tucked showy flowers into his fur, painted his face as for a celebration, and finally stuck four sticks of rosin into his crown. Then he boldly entered the circle and greeted the Star-Women.

They were glad to see him, for at a dance he was always welcome because of his skill. A great feast was prepared. To this they invited Rabbit, and he regaled them with stories of the doings of the animals on Earth.

When the feast was over, the Star-Women formed a circle about the central fire and started to dance. They bowed and stepped, and stepped and bowed, at each round getting closer to the fire. Rabbit, in their midst, danced as they did, but he always kept just a little nearer the center than the rest. He stepped higher and bowed lower, until all at once the sticks of rosin caught fire and his head was a blaze of flame.

The Star-Women were amazed and delighted with the sight. But when he suddenly made a dash away from the circle, they realized that he was carrying off some of the sacred element.

In anger and fear they pursued him, but his speed was great. He darted this way and that, eluding them at every point until he reached the great water which separated the Earth from the land of the Star-People. He plunged in, but they could not follow. They stopped at the shore, not knowing what to do.

Rabbit swam across the water and sped on to his people.

It was night when he drew near, but the animals were still waiting where he had left them. They felt that Rabbit was their last hope, and remained in the circle, concentrating the power of their thought on his success.

Suddenly Nana-bo-jou arose and pointed, "Look, the Fire! It blazes like the Sun."

And in dashed Rabbit, his head a flashing crown of glory.

Now there was much rejoicing. The animals acclaimed Rabbit the bravest hero in their history, and showed him great honor. The Fire they deposited in the balsam tree, where it is to this day.

Whenever an Indian wants Fire he goes to the balsam tree, and with a twirling stick he evokes the sacred spark of council, light, and warmth which Rabbit brought long ago from the Star-Women of the East.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

enough, and you can do it while you are dressing.

3. *Consonant exercises to improve your diction:* These exercises will help you conquer one of the sloppiest habits of modern conversation, the habit of poor enunciation. We slur our words together, leave off final consonants such as g's, and mumble our words. Is it any wonder people can't understand what we are saying—especially over the telephone?

Write this exercise on a card, prop it up on your dressing table, and see how distinctly you can say the letters and syllables while you are giving your hair its morning brushing:

B-M-P, B-M-P, B-M-P, (repeat)
D-T, D-T, D-T, (repeat)

Repeat each of the following three times:

Ab, Eb, Ib, Ob, Ub
Am, Em, Im, Om, Um
Ap, Ep, Ip, Op, Up
Af, Ef, If, Of, Uff
Av, Ev, Iv, Ov, Uv
La, Le, Li, Lo, Lu
Ra, Re, Ri, Ro, Ru
Sa, Se, Si, So, Su

When you come to the last line, the one with the s's in it, be as thrifty as Ben Franklin with the breath you use. It is the unused air being forced through your teeth that will make your s's hiss so unpleasantly. This is something that radio speakers, especially, must watch, as a microphone will magnify every hissed s until the speaker sounds like a talking teakettle.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

slightest pressure of the knees she quickened her gait. Not only was it a wonderful thing to be riding Lucy Lee at all, but to be riding her through the shining woods of autumn, without another human being in sight—that was such a joy that it turned Debby's head dizzy.

Yes, Debby was so happy that she forgot everything else—she didn't remember to watch the trail. She was in a dream of too much happiness. At the oak tree in the farther meadow she forgot to turn. She didn't even realize that she had never ridden beyond that spot, that her mother would be waiting. She lost all sense of time, of place. She had lost her heart to Lucy Lee, and then she lost her head.

She came to herself far up Lookout Hill. The trail had turned steep and she was out of the woods in old pasture land, with only dark cedars around her. Between them she looked out toward the flat blue line of the sea beyond Cohasset, and over a wooded countryside. Once off the roads, it was strange how much of the country was covered by woods, broken here and there by a spire. Somewhere below her lay the new ammunition depot. She had never been so high before. And now she realized that she had not been supposed to wander off like this.

"Goodness, Lucy Lee, we've got to hurry!" she exclaimed, and both Lucy Lee's ears turned to listen to her.

Debby's knees pressed nervously and Lucy Lee began to trot, but Debby pulled her in. "We can't trot downhill," she said. "Oh, dear! Why didn't I notice where we were going?"

The worst of it was that once again Debby didn't notice where she was going. Confused and upset, she turned the little mare's head

Your VOICE and YOU

4. *Read poetry aloud to develop expression.* No one likes to listen to a dull, monotonous voice that just chants on and on without change of expression, or tone, or pitch, or speed. Reading poetry aloud, trying to give every word its right tone, its right inflection, will help to give your everyday speech a richness of expression. Just as an artist builds up a beautiful eye-picture, so you can learn to build up a beautiful sound-picture by reading poetry aloud.

Don't read your poem the same way every time. Try changing your inflections, your speed of reading in different passages, and see what the effect will be if you emphasize various words. Always try to find a better interpretation of the poet's meaning, every time you read his poem.

As a starter, Dr. Baccus suggested working with Edgar Allen Poe's familiar poem, "The Bells." You will have a lot of fun with this one, because the sound of the words suggests their meaning.

Any of your favorite poems read aloud, however, will help you tremendously in gaining voice expression. Vary your poetic diet, and keep on gathering together all kinds of poetry to practice on. This might be a good time to start a scrapbook of favorite poems, if you haven't already done so. Some of the nicest short ones you might memorize, and practice saying them aloud when you are by yourself. Such poems will keep you company and help you improve your voice at the same time.

RIDING LUCY LEE

toward the first path her eyes lighted on, and obediently Lucy Lee stepped down it, her small pale hoofs moving precisely and delicately from foothold to foothold. The path was curious. Branches grew right across it here and there, which had to be brushed aside as they proceeded, and yet the ground was marked as though the path had been used often.

"I don't remember all these branches," Debby thought miserably. "But, anyway, we're going downhill so we can't be far wrong."

Still, the path grew more and more curious. It twisted and turned. Once Debby glanced up and saw at some distance beyond and overhead a rather thick-looking tree. It almost seemed as though dead branches had been woven in with the living ones to form a screen for a lookout. But who could want such a thing? Then the path seemed to disappear. Left to herself, Debby could not have found it, but Lucy Lee brushed through a thicket and came upon it once more.

Debby was growing more and more nervous. A vapor was dulling the sun, the woods now had a bleak and unfriendly air, and the joy of being alone had lost its sweetness.

Still, what trail there was led downhill, and Debby followed it. Suddenly the mare turned sideways, apparently off the path altogether. Another thicket snapped and scratched about their faces, and then a second branch trail opened before them, leading to a small clearing. At the end of the clearing, almost hidden from view, Debby could see a hut made of logs, with branches stacked against its sides, and from the smokestack a little smoke was rising. It was so strange a house that she scarcely could believe it was one at all.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

THERE, those four exercises won't take much of your time if you work them in while you are walking, or dressing, or brushing your hair! The first will improve your breath control, the second your vowel tones, the third your diction, and the fourth will help you get more expression into your voice.

Don't forget, however, that these are exercises which will only put your voice instrument "in tune." That is important, but the best tuned instrument can't make a poor composition sound beautiful. Neither can a well trained voice make an unpleasant personality seem lovable or brilliant.

If you notice a whine in your voice, it would be a good idea to check up on yourself. You'll want to find out if it's your voice that is out of tune, or your personality.

On the other hand, if you practice these four fundamental exercises to improve your voice instrument, and if you *really* practice and live your ten Girl Scout laws to improve your personality, you'll be taking the right steps to make your voice as pleasing to the ear as a beautiful sonata played upon a well tuned piano by an accomplished musician. You will have a voice that will not only be a big asset when you begin job hunting, but will also help you to make and keep friends.

In order to know just how much improvement your own particular voice needs, cock one ear and "listen to yourself," the next time you find yourself in conversation. Is your voice soft, musical, and full of expression? Or is it shrill, harsh, and monotonous?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

She drew up Lucy Lee and stared at the place uncertainly. Should she turn back? But she was anxious to inquire how to get back to the Corral.

"What's there to be afraid of, silly?" she tried to reassure herself. "It's just a wood-cutter. He won't eat you."

Lucy Lee's nostrils were opening very wide. She hesitated when she felt Debby's knees, but her short life had known nothing but trust and obedience. She went forward, her little hoofs sounding on the hard earth.

The door of the hut opened and someone stood there, so dark in the darkness that Debby could make out nothing but that a man was there, bending over. Then, before she could call out, from the oblong of darkness a dog came rushing, snarling and roaring as he came. The door closed with a bang.

Debby screamed, "Go home, sir! Go home!" and gentle Lucy Lee wheeled and broke into a run, the dog snapping at her heels.

The mare headed for the nearest thicket and burst through it. Debby never knew how she clung to the saddle, clutching the horn with one hand, her body as low as she could bend it, while her left arm was flung up to protect her face. Then she realized that the dog was no longer leaping at Lucy Lee's heels.

Little by little she calmed the mare. They were once more on one of those peculiar, broken paths, narrower, if possible, than the first. The branches which struck against them were only occasional, and easily swayed aside like veils. Debby was no longer in danger of being torn from the saddle. She kept pulling at the halter and talking to Lucy Lee, and the mare responded; her wild gallop

(Continued on page 48)



Responsible

CALLER: Who's the responsible man here?

OFFICE BOY: If you mean the fellow that always gets the blame, I'm the man.—Sent by PEGGY LU ANDREWS, Signal Mountain, Tennessee.

Good Work

Walking through the woods, the artillery officer was surprised to see a number of his men climbing trees and crawling through bushes. "What's the idea?" he snapped. "What do you men think you're doing?"

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, "we've camouflaged the gun so well we can't find it."—Sent by MARJORIE ELLIOTT, Plymouth, Michigan.

Cruel

MAY: What would you do if you were in my shoes?

RAY: I'd shine them.—Sent by PATRICIA ANN NUGENT, Worcester, Massachusetts.

The Reason

MARY: Why do we buy War Stamps?

MARGARET: So we can lick the other side. Sent by RHODA KRAMER, New Haven, Connecticut.

Etiquette



ETHEL: What's etiquette, Lilly?

LILLY: Oh, that's the noise you mustn't swallow your soup with, when there's company.—Sent by LILLIAN HANSEN, Huntington Park, California.

The Prize-Winning Joke



Quite Likely

TEACHER: What did Paul Revere say at the end of his famous ride?

STUDENT: He said, "Whoa!"—Sent by IRIS LITT, Larchmont, New York.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Edited

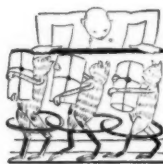
"I'm a self-made man," he said proudly.

"You're lucky," sighed his new friend. "I'm the revised work of a wife and three daughters!"—Sent by ALTHEA BELL, Canton, Pennsylvania.

Masonic

The conversation had turned to the subject of fraternal organizations. This went on until one of the ladies remarked, "Well, I never knew anything about the Masons before, but I have always thought their fruit jars are very nice."—Sent by ELINOR LOUISE WEHE, San Antonio, Texas.

Sarcasm



LADY (to druggist): I want a box of rat poison.

DRUGGIST: Do you want me to send it?

LADY: No, I will just send the rats in here to get it.—Sent by BETTY LANFORD, Greer, South Carolina.

Question

NATURE LECTURER: Yes, my friends, you will be surprised to know that, after long study, I can speak the language of wild animals.

VOICE: Next time you meet a skunk, ask him what's the big idea.—Sent by ESTHER SMITH, Stewartville, Missouri.

Warning

SHE: Sometimes my dad takes things apart to see why they don't go.

HE: So what?

SHE: So you'd better go.—Sent by JEAN ALLEN, Arnel, Colorado.

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Winner of the May "Name-Your-Own" Comics Contest

Six hundred and one girls submitted one thousand, four hundred and eighty-four titles for the fourth "Name-Your-Own" comic drawing by Orson Lowell, published in the May issue. The prize goes to Joan Louise Liffing, aged thirteen, of Big Fork, Minnesota, for her title, "A Case of Non-Support." Joan will receive a book as a prize.

Many other good titles were received. Some of these were: "Taking Care of the Overhead First," "Raising the Roof," "Open House," "Priorities Will Hold Things Up a Bit," "The House That Draft Built," "Conserving for National Defense," "Air Conditioned," "Unfinished Business," "No Understanding," "The Shape of Things to Come," "House Rationing," "In This Day of Cellings," and "A Cavity in Gravity."

Rules for the "NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS CONTEST

The girl who submits the most appropriate title for the month's "Name-Your-Own" Comic on page 36 will receive a BOOK as a prize.

The title must fit the picture. Brevity will be a point in favor of any title. Each competitor may send as many titles as she chooses, but please print the titles on separate slips of paper and include with each title, on the same slip of paper, your name, address, age, and date. When a title submitted by more than one person proves to be the winner, the prize goes to the entry received first. Address your entries to the "Name-Your-Own" Comics Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 135 East 44th Street, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Entries must be mailed by June fifteenth. The winners will be announced in the August issue.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

slowed, she dropped into a trot and at last into a walk. But her silken sides were scratched and bleeding, she trembled and breathed hard.

Debby began to cry. She didn't think of her own scratched face, her own pounding heart. No, she had been trusted with Lucy Lee, that tenderly treasured jewel, and she had ruined her. Never in all her life had Debby known such despair.

The mare shied—she who never shied—and as Debby pulled on the halter strap she saw that they were passing a kind of shelter of dead boughs. It reminded her of the hut where the man had set the dog on them, but it was much smaller. Still, it had that same hidden look.

Filled with anger and fear, she pulled up Lucy Lee and dismounted. Pushing aside some of the branches, she found that they hid a sort of packing box, and in the dusk of the shelter she saw something which looked like a cross between a radio and a telephone. Now she could make out above her the thin antenna following a tree trunk, almost invisible.

At last she was wide awake. She had heard enough of Fifth Columnists to realize the importance that this hidden transmitter might have. In a flash she remembered the clear view she had had of the ocean. Anyone lying hidden on Lookout Hill would see every ship coming from the south, along the coast, to Boston. And a spy watching from a high place—suddenly Debby remembered the curious shelter she had glimpsed in a tree—would learn many things about the ammunition depot in the woods below. The trail so hidden by overhanging branches, the cabin almost invisible in the woods, the dog set upon her so savagely—surely she and Lucy Lee had blundered on more than a hermit here!

No trail at all led from the hidden transmitter downhill so Debby didn't mount again, but started on foot, leading Lucy Lee. Walking in her riding boots was hard, and sometimes she came upon impenetrable thickets which she had to skirt to find an easier

RIDING LUCY LEE

passage. From the beginning she knew that she must mark her path. First she tore up her handkerchief and left strips of it tied to twigs at intervals. Then she took off the white blouse she wore under her leather jacket and left it, narrow fluttering ribbon by ribbon, along the hillside. She must hurry, too, or the spy might find out what she was doing. It was unlikely that he would suspect she had happened upon the transmitter; there was only one chance in a hundred that Lucy Lee, blind with fear, would follow the dim and hidden trail which led there.

But he would be anxious after seeing an intruder. He and the dog—Debby shuddered at the memory—might follow their tracks to see what had become of them. Half running, tying her strips of cloth with stumbling fingers, Debby hurried down and down, with Lucy Lee stepping lightly and carefully behind her.

"Goodness, my shirt's used up!" she thought. "What shall I take now?" But before she could make the decision she saw with relief the road below her, and in a moment girl and horse were on the open highway. This was the most important spot of all. Debby still had her red tie and she fastened it on a twig, then mounted Lucy Lee. She didn't know at all where she was and paused, uncertain in which direction to turn. But she felt the palomino stirring beneath her, looking eagerly westward.

"All right, Lucy Lee," said Debby, letting the mare choose her own direction. She urged her into a fast trot, but the road was still unfamiliar. Debby was almost in despair when suddenly they came to a crossroad and Lucy Lee broke into a canter. A pond and icehouse lay on their right, and, thank goodness, there were the log buildings of the Corral on their left!

Mother and the Hancocks crowded about the pair as they came to a halt. "Darling," Mrs. Ross cried, "are you hurt? Your face!"

The Hancocks' eyes were all for Lucy Lee, until Debby began to stammer out her story.

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Then all three stood staring at her. Mr. Hancock asked a few questions.

"I'll drive over to the depot and get things started," he said to his wife. "You see to Lucy Lee."

Debby followed him to the car. She could scarcely ask her question. "Is she ruined?" she almost whispered. "Lucy Lee?"

Mr. Hancock shook his head as he started the car. "She'll be all right," he said. "You saw how she came up to us? She hasn't lost her faith in people at all. Sooner or later any horse will be frightened by something. It's all right so long as she doesn't get afraid of people."

Then he was off, and soon Mrs. Ross and Debby left for the Corners and the noon bus. They were late for luncheon. The chops were overdone, the salad a little wilted, and Debby's face still showed half a dozen light scratches across it.

Mr. Hancock telephoned during the middle of luncheon. The men from the depot had been in time. They had followed Debby's trail of white streamers and found the radio transmitter; they had captured the spy, shooting the dog which attacked them as they were surrounding the cabin. They had found a code, and lists of the ships entering and leaving harbor and of the number of truckloads of ammunition arriving at the depot. The officer in charge said that the man's capture was the most important thing which had happened in New England all fall.

And Lucy Lee was fine. She was in the pasture, rolling in dry grass, at that moment. Like Debby, none of her scratches were deep—she seemed to have forgotten all about her experience.

Debby came back to the table with a beaming face. "I'm so thankful," she cried. "Now I've really done something to help in the war! Mother, may I have another chop, please? I love them burned." After a moment's silence she added, half to herself, "I guess it was Lucy Lee who *did* something. I just went along."

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"PENNIES IN THE WATER"

The dog was a fine one—a thoroughbred, Peter said.

"Blue blood and Boston," said Ginger. "I'll name her Mrs. Cabot."

"Don't get too fond of her, chicken," warned Peter. "My guess is that Johnny stole her and wanted to get rid of her before he was caught. If the owner turns up, we'll have to give her back."

"I won't," Ginger promised. But now she couldn't bear to think of what she would do if anyone took Mrs. Cabot away.

"Ginger—" Mike unfolded his long frame and stood up, his hands driven grimly into his pockets—the tide and the weather are right tonight. Ought to be herring in the Harmon Rip."

"I know it," Ginger said miserably.

"Let's you and I take Peter's skiff and row out there and cut that net loose."

"Mike! We can't!"

"I'll say we can. I'd do it alone if I could handle the boat in that tide and cut the net at the same time."

"But cutting a fisherman's net, Mike! Why, you couldn't bring yourself to do a thing like that, even to an awful person like Johnny Catfish."

"There are unwritten laws," said Mike, his steady gray eyes on hers. "I've thought them all over in the past few weeks. Will you come?"

Ginger was silent. Surely there must be some other way. If they used Johnny Catfish's methods, why then they were like Johnny Catfish.

"Skip it," said Mike gruffly. "Just thought I had to have somebody along to manage the boat. I'll have a go at it alone." He vaulted over the porch rail and stood for a moment looking at her through the lattice. He had run his fingers through his hair until his blond wave stood straight on end—the way it had been, Ginger suddenly thought with a little catch in her throat, at the finish of the school track meet, when Mike had tried so hard to win first place and hadn't.

He feels awful, she said to herself. He thinks it's a rotten thing to do, but he's going to do it for Peter. Only Ginger, and Mike himself, knew how much he thought of the older boy.

"Don't, Mike. I—I'll have to tell Pete."

"You do—and I'll never speak to you again!" he said over his shoulder, and was gone through the hole in the hedge which had

been their personal passageway since they were children.

Mrs. Cabot, sensing a crisis, crept up across her lap, nuzzling her head under Ginger's chin. Ginger sat still, not noticing.

Mike had been weighing, considering the problem, as they all had, for days. And now he had made up his mind, urged to it by his deep loyalty to his friends and his very real sense of what, in the end, was justice. What could she do? Maybe he was right.

But in a place like Harmon's Harbor, where nearly everyone made his living from the sea, it was a terrible thing to tamper with a fisherman's gear. There was among the fishermen a high sense of honor in the matter—and swift punishment for anyone caught breaking this law.

From the hard-beaten path back of the house, she heard Peter coming up from the shore—the slightly uncertain, limping step. Worse tonight, because he was tired. Dear Peter! Standing up under this trouble, too, meeting it.

And his supper not ready! She came to her feet, spilling Mrs. Cabot who protested mildly, and flew into the house with the peas.

"Pete, I'm sorry! I've been gossiping with

Mike, and supper's late. I'm a slack, lazy thing!"

"That's all right, chicken." He grinned at her. "I'll wash up and collapse in the hammock. I'll like my supper better, anyway, after I rest a bit."

She hustled to get the peas on, to put the meat into the broiler. It was a good thing she had potatoes already baking. They'd be a little too done, maybe, but she could split them and butter them in the oven.

When she went to call Peter, she found him sleeping. His head was nestled wearily into the pillows, his hand relaxed, thrown out palm up, the strong fingers curled slightly. Something turned over in her breast. Those lean, clever fingers calloused with pulling on tarred ropes, handling buckets of fish. Fingers that should be trained for the skill that was in them to heal the sick.

She would help him. She must help him. If some decision you must make could be only partly right, wasn't it better to choose the way pointed by loyalty and love?

AT NINE o'clock Peter put down his bacteriology textbook and looked at the clock. "I'm a dull old dog," he said. "Poor company. But I've got to go to bed."

Ginger had been counting on his going to bed early. Since the supper dishes had been cleared away, she had been sitting holding a book in her lap. But oh, how slowly the hours since seven had dragged along! If only she could act, and not have to sit and think, wondering if Mike had already gone without her. He wouldn't go, she hoped, until the village had gone to bed, but with Mike you never knew—once he made up his mind to do something, he hadn't an ounce of caution in him.

"Tired, I guess, old boy," she said to Peter. "Tired is right. Got to be up early to tend weir. Not," he added, with the first trace of bitterness he had shown, "that it's much use now. The price of herring went up today, too."

"It did, Peter?"

"Apparently herring aren't running much of anywhere but in the Harmon Rip just now. It won't last. Fifty cents a bushel." He got up, dropping his book on the table, and moved restlessly about the room. "Remember the time Dad bottled up the fifteen hundred bushels in the weir, and held them while the sardine boats bid them up? He got a dollar ten a bushel for them. Chances are, it'd be like that now—if a fellow could get a haul."

"You—you haven't thought of any out, Peter?"

"No, chicken. But I will."

"Of course you will, Pete." He didn't want to talk about it, she knew. She got up and hunted for Mrs. Cabot's much chewed leash. "I'll take Mrs. C. for a run," she said. "Go to sleep and don't worry if we don't hurry back. It's a nice night."

He hesitated at the stairway door. "Don't go down the Weaver Bluff road, chicken."

"Not we!" She waved him what she hoped was a jaunty gesture. "Mrs. C.'s got too much sense."

Outside, the night was still and moonless, but the sky was alight with big, quiet stars. She ran at top speed down the shore path, seeing with relief the white strakes of Peter's skiff, still lying on its trip-line. A bulky shadow moved from where it had been huddled on a stone, and Mike's hand gripped hers.

"Good girl," he whispered. "Good egg! You came after all."

"Yes."

"I've been sitting here for an hour, hoping

you would. It isn't," he stated soberly, "as if we weren't basically in the right, Ginger."

"I haven't decided that, Mike. But I'll go with you."

Mike rowed the light skiff quietly along under the shadow of the shore until they were safely away from the landing, then headed out into the Harmon Rip.

The black, still water was alive with phosphorescence which the drops from Mike's oars awakened to shining. Each stroke left behind a swirling pool of cold fire. Ginger, sitting in the stern, warming her fingers on Mrs. Cabot's grumbling chest, looked apprehensively at the white wake following the skiff. "We might as well hang out a lantern," she said.

"I forgot about the phosphorus," Mike said ruefully. "If anyone hails us, we're just out for a row."

The Harmon Rip was half a mile wide. The dark shore receded rapidly, and presently Mike shipped his oars. "Change seats, Ginger. We're off the Bucket Cove now and I want to pick up the toggles on the net."

"Mrs. Cabot had better go on the middle thwart where she won't get wet," said Ginger.

They changed seats and Ginger sent the skiff slowly along against the tide, while Mike peered off into the darkness, trying to sight the toggles of the shad net. It seemed a long time before he spoke.

"Pull inshore about a hundred feet," he directed. "We've missed it." And then, a few minutes later, "There it is!"

For an instant something said to Ginger, *we mustn't do it. It isn't the way out. It's wrong.* But clearer than that silent voice was the picture, flashing across her mind, of Peter's hands. Miserably she watched Mike open his twine-knife and put it down on the thwart between them, while he reached purposefully for the gangions holding the first glass toggle to the net. In a moment it would be too late to make him change his mind. In a moment, she and Mike—

Her hand shot out, caught the knife and dropped it over the side. It fell into the water with a dismal little *plop*.

Mike, still holding the toggle, froze into immobility. She sensed the wave of his anger rising toward her in the dark. "Why—you limp little quitter, you! So that's why you came."

"No—no, Mike, it wasn't! But—"

"But nothing! You had it all doped out. And I thought I could trust you, the way I trust Pete." The glass toggle slipped back overboard with a silvery splash, and the skiff drifted slowly away from it. "Well," Mike said, his voice thick with discouragement, "I don't have another knife. What'll I do now?"

It was as if he were not speaking to her, but asking himself the question. She would never be in his confidence again, she knew. He wouldn't forgive her.

"Well, change seats with me," he said presently. "I'll row us home."

"Mike, wait! Look!"

A few thin pencils of phosphorescence at first, shooting through the black-velvet water, grew swiftly in numbers until the skiff floated as it in a great net made of millions of criss-crossed threads of darting silver. The water boiled around the boat, and suddenly in a cold glow of reflected light Ginger saw Mike's white face and Mrs. Cabot standing motionless on the thwart, a carved silver statue of a dog. She put down her hand and felt it brushed by the icy little bodies of the herring, like living arrows.

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For a moment she sat paralyzed by the unexpected beauty. Then the big school of fish passed on up the Harmon Rip and the water was black and still once more.

Ginger leaned toward Mike, her voice a husky whisper of excitement. "Mike! I've an idea—better than cutting the net. How heavy is it? Could we shift it?"

"I don't think so. It's too big. But what—why?"

"I was thinking if we hooked on to the eastern end of it and towed it around at right angles from where it lies now, it would turn the herring into the Bucket Cove."

"Holy smoke!" Mike started up, setting the boat to rocking precariously. "Sure as you're born it would—some of them, anyway. But—the excitement went out of his voice—"it's too heavy to tow. Johnny Catfish handles it with his gas engine."

"Then we've got to find a net—a long light net—and set it across the eastern end of Johnny's, at right angles. It would act like a leader, straight to the fish trap. Mike! Peter's extra seine!"

Mike surged toward Ginger's thwart. "Give me the oars, quick, and pile into the stern. Where's the seine?"

"It's drying out on the shore in the Bucket Cove. It'll be dry, too, and not too heavy. Peter hasn't used it in weeks."

The ash oars, in Mike's strong hands, fairly bent double as he sent the skiff humming through the narrow entrance to the Bucket Cove. The long seine, with its lead weights and glass toggles, was too heavy for their light boat, but the weir dory which Peter always kept in the cove was moored close by and they piled their load into that.

"I'll have to rig anchors to each end of the seine to hold it in place," panted Mike. "Pete got any?"

"Use the skiff anchor for one and the dory

anchor for the other." Ginger came racing along the shore from the direction of the fish shed. "Here's rope for anchor warps. I've swiped Pete's new six-thread, but he won't mind if we—Oh, hurry, Mike! If we can only get the seine in place before another school comes along!"

It took a little time to locate Johnny Catfish's net again, and a little more to decide on the most effective place to set their seine. But finally Mike dropped the first anchor and Ginger leaned to the oars, pulling with long steady strokes. It was all she could do to handle the heavy dory with its cumbersome trail of wet tarred twine, and the tide was running strongly now, too. Mike couldn't help her—his hands were full, paying out the seine, making sure it slid smooth and untwisted into the water.

They worked in strained silence. Once, when she caught a slight crab, Mike gasped, "Don't splash. You'll scare the fish."

Slowly the seine straightened, longer and longer, behind the dory. She had no breath left and her hands were blistered when Mike at last dropped the second anchor overboard and said, gleefully, "That's got it, I think."

"*W'hew!*" Ginger shipped her oars and peered anxiously into the water. "Now if there'll only be another school of fish!"

"Let's stay and watch a while. I've got to rest before I row this hooker home, anyway." He made fast a short line from the becket in the stern of the dory to the end of the seine.

They waited in silence, too exhausted to talk. The dory tugged gently against the seine. The water slid by without a ripple, black and untroubled.

Then, without warning, along the full length of the seine the phosphorescence boiled into silver, the round glass globes of the toggles lighted as if from within.

"They've hit the seine and are backing up," Mike whispered huskily. "Question is, now, which way'll they turn?"

"If they come this way, splash!"

"No—that would scare the whole school back to sea."

They waited tensely. But the big school of herring did not come past the dory and go on up the Harmon Rip. The glowing toggles lighted and dimmed, the water quieted, then stirred again as successive waves of fish churned against the seine.

"They must be going into the Bucket Cove," said Mike at last. Unable to bear the

suspense, he stood up and tried to see across the dark water, but the farther darkness was only made blacker by the pale, nearer gleaming.

Ginger suddenly relaxed. "Talk about a couple of nitwits, Mike! Why, figure it out. They aren't coming this way. They aren't turning back to sea, because we can see the schools following each other against the seine. Q.E.D. Where are they going?"

"Into the Bucket Cove." Mike sat down with a plop. "The only place they *can* go."

The fish kept coming. There seemed to be no end to the big schools. Occasionally a few stragglers shot past the end of the net, darted under the dory and went on up the Rip. But the bulk of the herring—there could be no doubt of it—were playing follow-my-leader into the Bucket Cove.

"You know what we've got to do?" Mike said, as the time passed and the run of fish showed no sign of slackening. "We've got to root up this seine before the ebb tide sets, and tow it over and anchor it across the mouth of the Cove. There's going to be more fish in there than Pete's trap will hold, and if they aren't bottled up somehow, they're going to go out when the tide goes."

"Oh-oo!" Ginger groaned. She rubbed her palms together ruefully, feeling the puffiness of the blisters. "Well, I can if you can, Mike."

"I'll haul up both anchors and hook 'em under the stern thwart. We can tow it, I think, that way. Then I can do the rowing."

"We'll both row," said Ginger sturdily.

BEHIND the stout meshes of the seine securely anchored from shore to shore, the broad shallow waters of the Bucket Cove were alive with fish. It was three o'clock in the morning and the phosphorus was gone. The herring showed black now beyond the dancing toggles and their millions of back and tail fins wrinkled the surface as if with rain.

"*W'boo!*" Mike said, catching his breath. "Look at 'em! What a haul!"

Ginger grinned at him exhaustedly. "How many would you guess, Mike?"

"Gosh, it'd be hard to say! Let's see—the trap'll hold fifteen hundred bushels, maybe more, and it must be full. And the Cove's full, too. I'd say—maybe five to seven thousand bushels."

Ginger swayed a little. She was tired. She couldn't remember ever being so tired. "And they're fifty cents a bushel now, Mike."

"Fifty cents nothing! The sardine boats'll bid 'em up to over a dollar, sure. Hasn't been a herring along the coast for days, except here in the Harmon Rip."

"This," said Ginger, with a sudden giggle, "is one on Johnny Catfish."

Mike began to laugh, a subdued chuckle which grew to a roar. "Won't he be sore?" he gurgled. "He'll think his nasty idea has helped Pete instead of hurting him. Ginger," he said, sobering suddenly, "I'm glad we didn't cut that net loose."

"So'm I. It was a near thing, though."

"Skin of our teeth. You know, we thought there wasn't a way out, and there was—a super-bluper one, just lying around waiting for somebody to have sense and see it. Wait till I tell old Pete how you've out-thought us! *Yee-ee-ow!*" he yelled suddenly, scaring Ginger into goose-bumps and bringing Mrs. Cabot growling out of her nap in the bow of the dory. "I want to make a noise. I don't care for sneaking around in the dark like a fish pirate."

"Well, don't yell like that," said Ginger shakily. "You'll have the town out to rescue us, or something."

"I'll sing then," Mike offered. "Compose your feathers and I'll row you home. Did I remember to tell you you're a smart girl?"

All the way home across the Rip, Mike caroled lustily—an old sea chantey which his sailor grandfather and Ginger's had sung in fair weather and in storm, in the days of the clipper ships:

"Pennies in the water

"Pennies in the sea

"Swim down, sailor,

"Swim down, sailor,

"Swim down, sailor,

"And bring some home to me."

Over Ginger's weariness, like a warm coverlet of comfort, slipped a great peace of mind. Peter and Mike—they'd both be all right now.

Peter was still sleeping, his hand outflung, palm upward, and Ginger took it in both her own blistered ones.

"Peter! Wake up."

"What?" He struggled to awaken. "What in heck, Ginger! What's happened?" Wide-eyed with concern at her bedraggled state, he put his arm around her.

"Nothing's wrong, Pete. Mike and I, we—we've just bottled up your M.D. down in the Bucket Cove."

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—FRANK W. BENSON

IN 1862 Frank W. Benson, scion of conservative New England ancestors, was born in Salem, Massachusetts where he still lives.

In spite of his conservative background he was considered radical in his painting techniques when, in 1898, he joined "The Ten," a group of young painters who withdrew from the Society of American Artists because they felt they were no longer in sympathy with its views.

Frank Benson and another well known American painter, Edmund Tarbell, both born in the same State on the same day, entered the *School of the Museum of Fine Arts* in Boston to study under Otto Grundman, also on the very same day. Benson has said that the three years at the Museum school were the happiest of his life. He and Tarbell spent the years from 1883 to 1885 together in Paris, studying at Julien's Academy under Boulanger and Lefebvre. For ten years after their return to America, their studios were side by side in Boston. Together these two young men took over the financially unsuccessful Museum school and made it pay. Here Benson taught painting and drawing for twenty-eight years.

Tall (six feet four), robust, well balanced, and of a happy temperament and forthright character, Benson has always enjoyed work and play to the utmost. As a naturalist and sportsman, he

spent long hours in the woods and marshes with rod and gun. All this was reflected in his work. Black and white sketches made on returning from hunting trips led him to etching, in which medium he is famous for his hunting scenes and bird portraits.

Like George de Forest Brush and Abbott Thayer, reproductions of whose paintings have appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, Benson has often portrayed his wife and children in his pictures. His delightful studies of childhood are done with sympathetic understanding and without sentimentality. His most successful portraits have been those of children and young women in the out of doors. His canvases are specially notable for his painting of light, which he renders in individual style with long brush strokes and blended colors instead of the spot method used by Childe Hassam and other Impressionists. Like his etching, Benson's painting reflects his love of the out-of-doors and his spontaneous joy of living. His canvases are gay in mood, with brilliant sunshine sparkling on the sea, fresh breezes ruffling the leaves and grasses, and people alive with happiness.

Benson was made an Academician in 1905 and, long before he was fifty, had won most of the honors and material rewards that the world of art offers.

—M. C.



*She has her finger
on the pulse of teen-
age taste in fashions*

—MARY LEWIS—

*Read about her in the August
AMERICAN GIRL and study her
tips on back-to-school clothes in the
photographs which are used to il-
lustrate Laura Ellsworth's article,
"Mary Lewis—Creator of Fashions"*

OTHER AUGUST FEATURES

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

★ **ORSON LOWELL**, who designed our striking patriotic cover this month and is the creator of the "Name-Your-Own" Comics, has long been known to you as the artist of many lovely nature covers for the magazine, as illustrator of serials and short stories, and as cartoonist of "The Sports of Yesteryear" and the "Nutmacker Suite." His father was an artist so he comes by his talent naturally. Born in Iowa, the boy began to draw at the age of five after his father had taken him to see a circus parade. At fifteen he sold his first drawing for twenty-five cents and modestly suspects that he was overpaid. Since that time forty-five magazines have been enhanced by Orson Lowell drawings, as well as fiction books, and his cartoons have been syndicated in many newspapers. . . . ★ **ANNE FARRELL**, author of "Williamsburg—Symbol of Liberty," was born and raised in North Carolina. Photography is her hobby, but she also shares the hobbies of her three sons—which range from raising white rats to gardening, music, and typography. . . . ★ **ELIZABETH COATSWORTH**, who tells of Debbie's exciting ride on Lucy Lee (page 8) is a celebrated author of children's books, poet, and winner of the Newbery Medal. Her most recent book, "Houseboat Summer," is reviewed on page 41. . . . ★ **MONTE CREWS**, illustrator of the Coatsworth story, was born in Missouri, now lives in New Jersey in a Delaware River town, and teaches art in Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. He started out in life wanting to be a boxer, but the blank pages in his geography book proved such a temptation that he discovered he had artistic talent. His illustrations have appeared in all of America's leading magazines. . . . ★ **RUTH MOORE**, author of "Pennies in the Water," (page 14), knows the Maine coast and Maine fishermen well, for her family still lives on an island off the coast of that rockbound State. She is best known to readers of this magazine as a poet.

★ Speaking of fashions, there have been some startling changes in our styles since early Colonial days in Georgia when Wormsloe Plantation was honored by an order from the English court for silk for a gown for Queen Caroline. How Mary Jones, who had charge of the precious silk worms, saved them and the plantation from an Indian raid, in the absence of her father and brother, is a story based on a true incident and dramatically told by Jane Darrow in **A Gown for Queen Caroline**.

★ Dilsey didn't consider herself a fashion plate, but she was proud of her new bathing suit. However, when Slim Oliver photographed her in it, neither of them could foresee the complications that would ensue. Mary Avery Glen will make you chuckle over this new Dilsey story, **Cottage Cheese**.

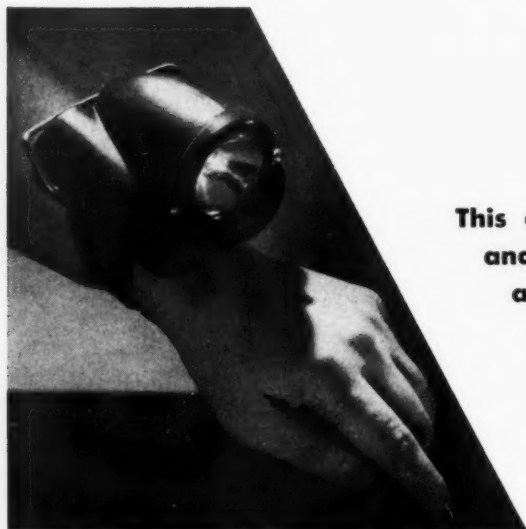
★ China is a name on everybody's tongue these days—our ally in the Far East, a country that has stood against Japan for five long years. China has made many contributions of beauty and usefulness to life in America—from the days of the clipper ships on down to the present. In **Cargoes from Cathay** Randolph Bartlett gives a glowing account of the ways China has influenced and enriched American life and art.

★ Sugar rationing right now is making each of us control his or her sweet tooth. Yet summer is the time to quaff long, refreshing, sweetened drinks. You'll want to try the recipes given in **Favorite Cold Drinks of the Young Stars** by Helen Grigsby Doss. All of them can be made with sugar substitutes.

★ Don't miss **Island Adventure** by Marjorie Maxwell, an exciting story of danger and courage when flood waters threatened to engulf an island house party; or Marie Gaudette's article on having family picnics in your own back yard; or the Indian creation story, **How the Littlest Owl Came** by Julia Seton; or the fourth installment about Eggs's and Minty's adventures in **Sky-Blue Trailer** by Carol Rylie Brink.

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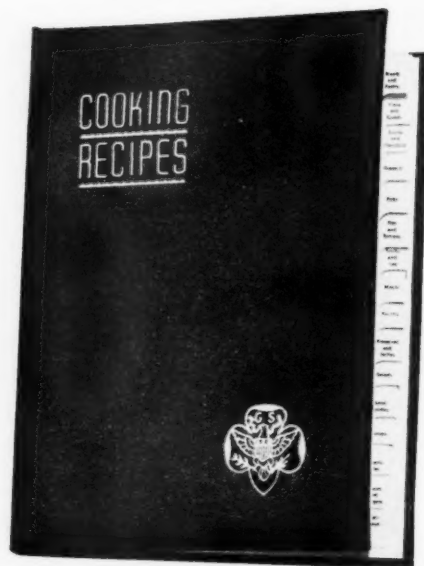
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